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NOTES.

OUR Colonial visitors have been very busy during the week. The Colonial troops were first dined at Windsor by the Queen, and reviewed the next day at Buckingham Palace by the Prince of Wales, carrying away with them for remembrance the Jubilee medal. On Saturday last the Premiers were entertained by Her Majesty's Opposition at the National Liberal Club, and on Wednesday they went to Windsor with their wives and were sworn in as members of the Privy Council. All this, however, was mere pleasure and flattery. Serious business has been confined to the conferences with Mr. Chamberlain, and to the meeting between the Colonial Premiers and the Imperialist M.P.s in the House of Commons on Monday last. Of the discussions at the Colonial Office nothing of importance has leaked out ; but the House of Commons meeting shows clearly enough how the land lies. The fact is that the Colonial Premiers are afraid they have already been a little too effusive in their talk about Imperial Unity. They have been carried away by Sir Wilfrid Laurier's enthusiasm, and they are all expecting to be called to account when they get home again. They have enjoyed the fuss that has been made of them, and they have felt bound to be polite in return. But whenever any definite suggestions have been put before them they have held aloof.

Sir Charles Dilke tried to get definite pronouncements from the Premiers on five all-important practical questions of Imperial Federation—namely, the representation of the Colonies in the Imperial Parliament, preferential trade, the Pacific cable, Imperial penny postage and Asiatic immigration ; but with the exception of Sir Wilfrid Laurier they all evaded his invitation. Canada has taken the lead, but unfortunately Australia looks jealously on Canada's initiative. The first step towards Imperial Federation is the Federation of the Colonies themselves. Canada is already united, but in Australia unification is further off than ever. There is no doubt that the Federation Bills which have been brought before the several Australian Legislatures are moribund. The New South Wales Bill is dead already, whilst in South Africa recent events have made unification an impossibility for a long time to come.

The truth almost seems to be that the time for a great consolidated British Empire is past, and the failure to realize the Imperialist idea is due not so much to the lack of Imperial statesmanship—though this, of course, counts for something—as to the native individualism of the race. England has throughout her history gone her own way ; and the Colonies are merely following

her example. Look wherever we will the same characteristic individualism is predominant in our race. In London some score of newspapers are printed on a score of different machines at enormous expense, and the evening papers are distributed by separate and extensive staffs of carts and boys on bicycles, all going from about the same place to the same places. In Paris, which has many more daily papers than London, they are all printed in the same quarter, many in the same establishment, and distributed by the same staff, with a great saving of expense. Our individualism has been our strength in the past, no doubt ; it is now our weakness.

The Duke of Devonshire, who presided over the meeting of the British Empire League on Monday, at which several of the Premiers were present, was not over-sanguine, and in this case, at least, his constitutional cautiousness was not overdone. He recognized that, however anxious we may be for Imperial Federation at home, the Colonies are not all equally devoted to the idea. He, too, invited the Colonial Premiers to be specific, but one and all they launched out into the usual generalities and compliments, and when they suggested anything at all, it was that the Mother-country should do this or that ; what the Colonies themselves should do was left in a state of happy indefiniteness. Sir William Whiteway hinted quite openly that it was no use asking them to contribute to the cost of the navy, though he kindly added that if ever England was in a fix they wouldn't mind shedding their blood for her. Speaking for New South Wales, Mr. G. H. Reid no doubt voiced the general opinion of Australasia when he said that the looser the ties were drawn between the Colonies and the Mother-country the better. Only Tasmania seems disposed to join with Canada in taking the first steps towards a closer union.

One of the most notable incidents in the celebration of the Jubilee has received scarcely any attention. It is reported that when the House of Commons went to Windsor, the Queen asked Mr. Balfour to present to her some of the Irish Home Rule members. The Leader of the House was compelled to reply that there were no Home Rulers present. The Queen remarked "I am very sorry." The womanly tact which distinguishes Her Majesty was never, we think, more happily exemplified. It would be well for the State if some of her Ministers cultivated the same temper. Had Sir Matthew White Ridley used the Jubilee as an opportunity for releasing the Irish political prisoners, it is probable that the Home Rule members would have gone to Windsor to thank Her Majesty for the exercise of her gracious prerogative. In spite of all prejudice, we must insist that the first steps towards reconciling

Irishmen to the British rule must be taken by Englishmen, and no opportunity should be left unused to persuade Irishmen that we will consider their desires as sympathetically as we can.

The rumour goes that Lord Wolseley is ill and may resign the supreme command of the army. We were of those who backed Lord Wolseley's claims to this position, but we are compelled to admit that he has not justified our hopes. As a Commander-in-Chief he has not been successful. We remember some years ago how he "backed down" and apologized for bold language under a snub from Lord Salisbury, and the same timorousness and time-serving have, we fear, prevented him from attempting to reorganize the army. But who is to take his place? Lord Roberts, every one will say, and for once we agree with the majority. And after Lord Roberts? The Duke of Connaught, we hear, is going to be Adjutant-General. It cannot be denied that he did well at Aldershot, and his great position should not stand in the way of military advancement, argue the cynics. Besides, now that the post of Commander-in-Chief is only held for four years or so, why should not the Duke succeed to the post in due course? The only reason is that a temporary appointment might in the case of a Royal Duke be made permanent, and the result of that is, as experience has shown, to stereotype inefficiency.

The Majority Report of the South Africa Committee will, it is said, affirm the responsibility of Messrs. Rhodes, Pe't and Maguire for the raid, while clearing Mr. Chamberlain. Yet apparently every one on the Committee and in the House believes Mr. Chamberlain to have had a guilty foreknowledge of "the plan." It looks as if Mr. Chamberlain were suffering because of his reputation for unscrupulous astuteness. "Mr. Fairfield may have been deaf," people say, "but Chamberlain was not, and he's much too clever not to have seen what was going on under his nose." Yet just because the facts necessary to bear out this belief are wanting, every one is determined in public to assert Mr. Chamberlain's innocence. At the outset Sir William Harcourt was intent upon catching Mr. Chamberlain; but as soon as he saw that it was impossible to prove the charge against him, Sir William became extravagantly anxious to vindicate Mr. Chamberlain's character. Nevertheless suspicion lingers in all minds, and the Colonial Secretary comes out of the inquiry worse than any one save Sir Graham Bower and Mr. Newton, and for these gentlemen no one has a good word.

The Sultan evidently thought he could see some signs of disunion amongst the Powers. Hence his sudden wriggle last week and his endeavour to postpone indefinitely the peace negotiations just when it was thought he was on the point of accepting the frontier-line insisted upon by the Powers. The wriggle was effective, for another week has gone by and nothing has been done. No doubt the Sultan was mistaken in suspecting that the Powers were not agreed upon the terms of peace, but he knows quite well that when the question of enforcing them comes up there is likely to be disunion enough and to spare. We had hoped that at this juncture the voice of Lord Salisbury would have been heard, but we were disappointed. It was Russia's voice that spoke instead, and the greatest naval Power in the world still remains the nullity it has been throughout the Græco-Turkish imbroglio. Lord Salisbury has domestic troubles of his own, and the illness of Lady Salisbury has no doubt affected him profoundly. He has all our sympathy, but all the same it is unfortunate that just now our Foreign Minister should be more than usually lacking in vigour and initiative.

The House of Commons is making fair progress with the Workmen's Compensation Bill, and on the whole Mr. Chamberlain has stood to his guns with remarkable tenacity and success. Mr. Asquith, who is filled with wrath at the sight of the Colonial Secretary succeeding where he himself failed so conspicuously three years ago, tried to beat the party drum and let off some oratorical fireworks on Tuesday night, but the House

was not to be led into a petty squabble on a Bill which the majority on both sides wish to see passed, so the fireworks fizzled out. The question of contracting out has become a purely academic one, and to prolong the wrangle upon it is only a waste of time. The Bill on the whole is a good and strong one, and the country wants it, and takes not the faintest interest in lawyers' quibbles or party tactics. Even the "Daily News" sees that there is no use in snarling at it any longer, and the threatened opposition in the House of Lords will certainly come to nothing in face of the attitude adopted by Lord Salisbury.

The Women Suffragists were of course very angry at the scant courtesy with which they have been treated by the House of Commons, and their grand remonstrance was a natural, if somewhat amusing, protest. No one in the House was really indignant at its somewhat insolent tone, except one or two busy nobodies. It was at once guessed by most members that Mr. Courtney had written it himself. However, the House had its revenge, and it deliberately chose to discuss lice and fleas in order to show its contempt for the Women's Suffrage Bill and its chattering advocates in the outer lobby. The Verminous Persons Bill was an absolutely futile measure, and the Plumbers' Registration Bill would have served equally well to stave off the discussion on Women's Suffrage. It was not on the whole a savoury spectacle, but it revealed the House in one of its most flippant and boyish moods, and Mr. Bowles at least was amusing.

In the discussion which followed on the Plumbers' Registration Bill an important side issue arose. Sir Henry Fowler declared from his experience of the Local Government Board that it was very much undermanned and very much overworked. This is quite true; but he might also have added that it is because the Local Government Board is continually doing a great deal of unnecessary work and wantonly interfering with the local authorities. In a discussion on the Supplementary Estimates it came out that under the Parish Councils Act the Board was doing a number of things which it had not the least need to do. Mr. Chaplin promised to stop it, but whether he has done so or not we are unable to say.

The German Emperor is off on his Norwegian yachting cruise, having succeeded in making everybody thoroughly uncomfortable before his departure. Everything indicates a steady increase of that unrest which was so marked a feature of French political life just thirty years ago when the Emperor Napoleon, outwitted abroad and despised at home, was drifting to his doom. Never since 1863 have papers of the standing and character of the *Kölnische Zeitung* and the *National Zeitung* written as they are doing now about the policy pursued in Berlin, whilst the tone of the South German papers in Bavaria, Baden and Würtemberg is so bitter that the news-agencies will not circulate them in Berlin. It is not the implacably hostile Radical and Socialist journals in the South that are attacking the new Government of the Emperor's nominees, but steady-going organs that have for a quarter of a century cheerfully accepted the Prussian hegemony. This is the gravest symptom of all. Prussia will stand many things from its Hohenzollerns; but in Bavaria there is no great love for the dynasty of the War Lord, and a little stupidity and a little misgovernment would suffice to turn the scale. Meanwhile it may be noted that, according to trustworthy calculations, the next Reichstag will be the most Radical ever elected in Germany.

The decision of five judges out of six in a very strong Court of Appeal leaves the law of betting in a more unsatisfactory position than ever. The previous conviction of a bookmaker on the criminal charge remains unquashed, for from that conviction, based on the unanimous decision of a body of judges of great experience in common and criminal law, there is no appeal. It is true that a superior Court of Appeal on the civil side has held that decision to be wrong, but we do not see that the Kingston Bench of Magistrates are bound to take cognizance of a decision of the Court

of Appeal which has no jurisdiction over them. The Anti-Gambling League are also in a fix, for they have no *locus standi* in the Kempton Park injunction case, and cannot force the plaintiff to go up to the Lords in order to see whether Lord Justice Rigby or the Master of the Rolls is in the right on the point. Even our old friends the umbrella and the stool are upset by the judgment of Lord Esher, and, as we understand him, it is doubtful whether many of the betting club raids of which we read in the evening papers from time to time are not extra-legal. If one man hires a room for betting, then it is a "place," but if two or three use the room in common then it seems it is not a "place." All of which goes to show that the law is a fearful and a wonderful thing.

The long threatened "record" strike in the engineering trade is at last upon us; but the dispute has been so often decided on and then averted that we are not without hopes that even yet a reasonable compromise may be agreed upon. It really seems more a matter of temper and obstinacy than anything else. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers have been boasting of their wealth and of their strength, while on the other hand the employers claim to have completed a most powerful masters' combination, and each has for over a year past been threatening to "smash" the other. The immediate cause of dispute is the demand of the men in London for the eight hours' day. In four shops where this has been refused a strike resulted, and the masters, in pursuance of their pledge to stand together, meet this move of the men by the locking out of twenty-five per cent. of them throughout the whole country, and the men retort by calling out the remaining seventy-five per cent., so in a week the whole engineering trade of the three kingdoms may be paralysed.

Why should there be a fight at all just now? The idea that the whole engineering trade should be paralysed and another lift given to our German rivals simply because four London employers refuse what many of their competitors have already conceded seems too absurd for discussion. The eight hours' day in the more laborious trades is certain to come sooner or later. There is a good deal of evidence to show that the total output of work is not seriously diminished by such a reasonable diminution of the hours of labour—that the men are better and fresher and more careful, and that there are fewer accidents—an important consideration this last at a time when the burden of compensation is being thrown so heavily on the employers' shoulders. Surely this is pre-eminently a case for a little tact and a good deal of compromise on both sides.

Would it not be well for the heads of the Government to give a hint to the minor authorities that, in view of the Duke of York's visit to Ireland, the adoption of a more conciliatory attitude would tend to smooth the way for a cordial reception? We have already referred to the stiffness of the Home Secretary about the miserable remnant of the political prisoners, and to the parsimony, not to say the unfairness, of the Treasury in so ringing the changes with the money saved by the judicial reductions that the Irish departments reap no benefit from the economies effected at their expense. The Irish Board of Works is another body that needs looking after. Incompetence and extravagance have long been its distinguishing marks, and the amount of money it contrives to squander on Dublin Castle, the Viceregal Lodge, and the Chief Secretary's Lodge is a scandal, especially as it is always pleading lack of funds as an excuse for not carrying out many urgent public improvements in remote parts of the country. Both the Board of Agriculture and Industries Bill and the Local Government scheme are postponed, so that the people have to live on the pleasures of hope, and the very money actually due and accruing to Ireland is being locked up until the Government find time to press the promised Bills. All this is not good policy, and it will not tend to smooth the wheels of the Prince's chariot next month.

What is to become of the Imperial Institute? With the exception of the banquet to the Colonial Premiers,

presided over by the Prince of Wales, it has done absolutely nothing in the last year or two to foster the great end for which it was established. Founded as a memorial of the Queen's Golden Jubilee, it is a pronounced failure in the year of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. If Mr. G. H. Reid, the New South Wales Premier, believes what he says when he declares the Institute is accomplishing a great work, and is no longer regarded with suspicion, we can only say he stands alone. His Colonial colleagues, at any rate, do not share his view. Lord Herschell invited them all to a lunch a week ago with the purpose of urging on them the claims of the Institute to support; but they evinced so little interest in it that they did not even oblige Lord Herschell by inspecting the courts of their own Colonies.

On Tuesday Lord Salisbury received a deputation from the Committee of the African Trade Section of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, who came to lay before him the thrice-told tale of the misdeeds of the Royal Niger Company, and the same evening Sir George Taubman-Goldie, Governor of the Company, addressed the London Chamber of Commerce on the future of Nigeria. It is evident, both from Lord Salisbury's reply to the deputation and from Sir George Goldie's address, that serious changes are impending. No one denies that the Company does, in fact, enjoy a practical monopoly of the Niger trade, but the apologists of the Company assert that it is only by raising a large revenue from trade that the cost of administering the country can be met. The defence may be sound enough, but the pressure from Liverpool is continuous, and something has to be done. The Company has done splendid service for the Empire, but the time has come when it can no longer be both trader and administrator. Sir George Goldie would evidently prefer to remain Administrator and to cease trading, and this is probably the solution which will commend itself to the Government; for the Foreign Office will only be too glad to be relieved of the trouble of administration, and there is a strong case for leaving the work in the hands of the men who have done all that has been done, and who know the country and its special requirements as nobody else can or does.

Mr. Rennell Rodd has arrived in London after his Abyssinian journey, and Colonel Wingate, the very able head of the Egyptian Intelligence Department, is here as well. We are still without any official intimation of the results of the British Mission to the Emperor Menelek, but such indications as there are point to Mr. Rodd's having achieved a real diplomatic success. During the week more letters from that discredited *farceur* Prince Henry of Orleans have appeared belittling the British mission, and the Havas Agency has once more shown that it can produce fiction of a high order of merit—as fiction. But the "Times" Correspondent, writing from one of the camps on the return journey, states in so many words that an agreement between Great Britain and Abyssinia was signed on the 14th May, that "everything was settled satisfactorily," and that Menelek sped the parting guests with every sign of gratification and good will, even sending the imperial war drums to escort them on their way. We do not know who was the "Times" Correspondent with the mission, but from internal evidence we should be inclined to say he was a member of the mission, and if this supposition be correct, he must be supposed to know what he is talking about. The news goes that Mr. Rennell Rodd is to return to Adis Abeba as British representative at Menelek's Court, but as yet it lacks confirmation.

Heavy sentences have again been the order of the week on the judicial Bench. On Monday Mr. Justice Hawkins distributed two life sentences, one of fifteen years' penal servitude, one of ten and one of eight, to sundry blackmailers, vile persons enough no doubt, but less guilty than other malefactors who get off more lightly. The worst of it is that judges with the authority and influence of Mr. Justice Hawkins set a bad example to their younger colleagues, and so we have Mr. Justice Ridley sentencing two unionists to seven years' penal servitude for wounding a sailor during a

trade dispute. But Mr. Justice Ridley's case is worse, for it was he who sentenced a man to only three months' hard labour for killing another man in a prize fight. No wonder magistrates are impudent to the judges whom they ape, and a self-sufficient Alderman like the one who presided at the Guildhall in the Hamlyn case on Wednesday, can turn round and lecture them for coming between his mightiness and a bailless prisoner.

The Jubilee has filled the papers completely of late, else there would surely have been columns of correspondence about a couple of grievances that are being much and rather bitterly talked about in country districts, gun-licensing and dog-muzzling. As Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Long have posed before all as the farmers' friends, it is surely strange that a Government of which they are prominent members should seem to go out of its way to irritate and annoy the most long-suffering of our population. Somerset House is particularly active just now in prosecuting and fining farmers for not taking out licences for guns used for rabbit-shooting, although it has been decided that rabbits are vermin and the guns used for their destruction should therefore be exempt. As for dog-muzzling, it is not much beloved at the best, but when the farmer sees the landlord's hounds left unmuzzled while his sheepdogs must have their heads thrust into the iron cage, he is apt to grumble, especially as the new regulation muzzle is recognized as the most irritating and the least effectual in the market. By the way, we have never seen anything like a satisfactory explanation of how that particular pattern of muzzle came to be adopted and made obligatory. Somebody must have made a small fortune by being lucky enough to have a few hundred thousand of just the right kind on hand when the Board by a strange coincidence hit upon it.

A telegram giving the latest news of the Swedish engineer, Mr. S. A. Andrée, who has conceived the idea of crossing the North Polar area in a balloon, which he has had specially constructed for a lengthy journey through the air, announces that all Mr. Andrée's preparations were complete for an ascent on the 1st of this month, or as soon after as the prevailing winds were favourable. It will be remembered that last year Mr. Andrée erected a balloon house on Danes Island, and had all his preparations made for a start, but was obliged to abandon his project owing to the absence of a favourable wind from the South. Mr. Andrée is not an entire stranger in London, where he had an opportunity of explaining his ideas two years ago to the geographers assembled for the International Congress at the Imperial Institute. There is, of course, much difference of opinion as to the feasibility of his project; but no one who has made Mr. Andrée's personal acquaintance can doubt the genuineness of his convictions, or the thoroughness with which he has thought out every detail of his novel proposal.

Julius Sachs, Professor of Botany at Würzburg, was, in his own line, one of the greatest scientific men of the century. It was he who laid the foundation of all the modern teaching of botany. Before his time teachers of botany made their pupils wade through the driest details of systematic classification, and limited practical work almost entirely to the collection and arrangement of herbaria. A botanical laboratory seemed a mere appendage to the drug-shop of a quack. Sachs' great text-book reformed all this and transformed botany into a modern science, equal in interest and importance to the anatomy and physiology of animals. He was equally famous as an original investigator, and it is to his brilliant work that we owe our knowledge of the fundamental food supply of the living world. The granules of starch to be found in all green plants are the basis of the domestic economy of every living thing, and Sachs showed that plants manufactured these, in the presence of sunlight, from the carbonic acid gas in the air which they inspired. A large number of minor discoveries are associated with his name, and it is not too much to say that he was the greatest botanist of the century. He was a man of strong personal character.

INDIAN SEDITION.

THE riots in Calcutta and the assassination at Poona of officers who were supposed to be prominently concerned with sanitary measures for the suppression of the plague are incidents the gravity of which should neither be minimized nor exaggerated. Like the earthquake which has lately wrought devastation in Bengal, they are the outward and visible signs of the constant, living, hostile forces which lie beneath the generally calm surface of Indian society, but which, unlike the volcanic forces of nature, can be kept in subjection and neutralized by good sense, firmness, courage and statesmanship. Only a month ago, in an article in this "Review" on the Indian Mutiny, it was stated that in India there always have been and always will be considerable discontent, and even sedition, and at no time have they been more conspicuous and outspoken than to-day. The occurrences of the last fortnight will impress on the English public the truth of this observation, which is notorious to all who are acquainted with the political condition of India at the present time. Discontent must be chronic among the poorer classes of a vast population which has increased in a quicker ratio than the food supply, while sedition is the interested work of agitators who find in popular distress the weapons to attack the Government as the cause and originator of calamities which no ruler could prevent and only the most intelligent and generous could even mitigate.

That India is passing through a most disastrous period is obvious to all. Famine in many districts and scarcity in almost all has been her fortune the last two years. Then followed the pestilence, the Black Death, which devastated Europe in the Middle Ages, and which was carried to India from the Far East, reincarnated in the filth of crowded Chinese cities. Lastly, to complete her misfortunes, an earthquake of unexampled severity for Hindostan has shaken the capital to its foundations and caused widespread death and ruin in Northern Bengal. It is no matter for surprise that such terrible portents have unsteady the nerves of a population which, Hindu and Muhamadan, is pre-eminently religious, which has been ever accustomed to hear the voice of the Deity in the rolling thunder and to see his hand, swift to strike, in the storm and the lightning. What wonder if these poor ignorant folk are hurrying to the mosques and the temples and blindly seeking counsel of priests and soothsayers as to the offences which have brought so heavy a chastisement, and asking what atonement can avert the wrath of the angry gods. And in India, as in Ireland, there is no lack of the stormy petrels of treason—the paid agitator, the fustian hero, the venal patriot, the self-advertising politician—to point to the Government as the source of evil and to fan the spark of discontent into the fierce flame of rebellion.

The popular odium which has been excited by the energetic measures which have been taken by the Bombay Government to extinguish the plague is easy to understand. The same result has often been caused before by attempts to enforce village sanitation, to segregate cholera patients, and to persuade the people to accept vaccination as preventive of a disease which claims far more victims in India than cholera. All such beneficent efforts are resented by a race with whom the sanctity of family life and the seclusion of women are articles of faith, and who believe epidemic disease to be a direct manifestation of divine wrath, to be averted by prayer and sacrifice, but not opposed by idle and indeed impious human endeavour. Deeper still, and perhaps more potent than the sanctions of religion, lies the indefeasible right of the unregenerate human being to be dirty, the denial of which is the frequent cause of revolt, from the infant in the nursery to the begrimed pauper in the workhouse bath, from the Esquimaux in his hut to the Indian peasant beside the festering pool which is at once the sewer and the water supply of the village. All these considerations unite to create the fierce dislike and opposition of the Indians to the wholesome and necessary measures for the suppression of the plague which the Government have ordered. And there can be no doubt that it was necessary, at the cost of whatever unpopularity, for a

civilized Government to endeavour to stamp out this hideous disease which can only be conquered by the appliances of modern science, medical and sanitary. England, as the great civilizing Power of the East, owes a duty to all Europe as well as to her own Empire, and stands guard against the advance westward of the terrible epidemics which have so often spread from Asia over the whole of the Christian world. This duty has been well performed, with scant gratitude from Europe and much unpopularity in Hindustan; and the sanitation and the water supply of the great cities of India will compare favourably with those of most European countries, and are far in advance of several of them. It remains to be seen whether the Bombay Government have performed their anxious and necessary duty with discretion, and in one important particular the presumption is against them. European troops, however courageous and devoted, should not have been employed on preventive measures, eviction, destruction of insanitary or infected dwellings and the removal and segregation of plague-stricken patients. The British soldier knows nothing of the habits and prejudices of the Hindus, and should not have been brought into direct contact with them. To so employ him was a direct incitement to race hatred and misrepresentation, and showed a singular want of tact and judgment; while no one can believe that there was any need for the use of Europeans, or that the work would not have been performed as effectively by native troops and police who understood the manner in which to treat their countrymen and whose temporary unpopularity would have had no political importance. For it must be remembered that the religious and fatalistic bent of the Hindu mind renders the people far less subject to unreasoning passion in time of epidemics than are the inhabitants of many European countries, such as Russia, Italy and Spain, where cholera hospitals have been frequently destroyed by excited mobs and the doctors who were devoting themselves to save life have been hunted and murdered as poisoners and assassins.

With regard to the Calcutta outbreaks, the information is still too meagre to pronounce a decided opinion; but it would certainly seem as if the central authority was dangerously weak, and that the one thing required was a strong man with full authority to act. British troops should not have been brought on the scene unless it had been decided to utilize them, and the extent of the disorder enforces the lesson, which should not require to be repeated in India, that organized riot should be repressed sternly and instantly, without inquiry and without hesitation.

These unfortunate occurrences will not be without their advantage if they induce the Government of India, both at Simla and Westminster, to reconsider the position they occupy with regard to the liberty of the native Press. The question is a large and important one and must be treated more adequately on another occasion. But no notice of the results of criminal incitement to treason and murder would be truthful or complete were it to ignore the acknowledged fact that the worst troubles and the gravest dangers of India are due to the disloyal and persistently hostile attitude of the native Press, which directs its ill-conditioned abuse against the Government collectively and its individual officers, English and native. There are, it is true, many honourable exceptions; but the vast majority of the native journals, whether published in English or the vernacular languages, are corrupt and disaffected; they subsist on blackmail and terrorism, and their constant endeavour is to excite hatred against the Government and to misrepresent to the people its acts and intentions. Lord Lytton made a courageous attempt to remove the scandal, and his Press Act was a moderate and unobjectionable measure to which no honest objection could be taken, and was merely intended to strengthen the existing law where experience had shown it to be vague and inadequate. But the vanity of Mr. Gladstone, desiring to pose as the sole repository of high Liberal principles, caused the repeal of this wholesome measure, and those who knew the truth of the matter listened with disgust and contempt to the illogical arguments and trivial platitudes with which, in the House of Commons, he

denounced the infamy of the attempt to fetter the liberty of the Press, when, in reality, he was only encouraging the enemies of the Queen to vilify her Government and bespatter her officials with ill-deserved abuse. No sensible man desires to close any safety valve through which grievances, real or imaginary, may find decent and legitimate expression, and there is no danger that the Englishmen who are responsible for the Queen's Government in India will be so unwise and so false to all the traditions of English freedom as to desire to check the full and free expression of public opinion. But it is criminal folly to permit the open preaching of treason by venal and irresponsible men, or to allow the honest servants of the Crown, doing their duty to the best of their ability, in the midst of difficulty and danger, to be held up to public opprobrium by traitors. The Government which tolerates such conduct is as foolish as it is cowardly.

LEPEL GRIFFIN

THE ZANZIBAR SCANDAL.

THE revelations during the debate on slavery in Zanzibar in the House of Commons on the 24th ult. have left a most unfavourable impression on the minds of many loyal supporters of the Government; for they show that, in defiance of one of the most sacred of British traditions, our agents have been engaged in the capture of runaway slaves, and that our home officials are sometimes deplorably ignorant of the acts of their foreign representatives. Thanks to Sir Charles Dilke, the Government must now realize the unfortunate consequences of its shuffling. Alternative policies were originally open. It could have boldly told the anti-slavery party that it did not regard the present as an appropriate time at which to revolutionize the industrial system of British East Africa and Zanzibar, and that domestic slavery would not be further interfered with until the Uganda Railway is laid to Machakos. Or the Government might have bowed to English sentiment, have incurred unpopularity in Africa, and imported a sufficient supply of Indian coolies to render itself independent of African labour in the coast lands. A very strong case could have been made out for the former policy, although its adoption would have involved the retention of slavery for another three years, and involved East African administration in many inconsistencies and anomalies. These would have been trivial compared with those under which our agents work in Egypt, and the necessity for pushing forward the Uganda Railway would have been taken as a sufficient excuse by all reasonable people in this country. Unfortunately the Government adopted a middle course, trying to curry favour with the anti-slavery party at home, while reducing to a minimum the wrath of the Arabs in Africa. The natural consequence is that they have pleased neither party and have done irreparable damage to our interests and reputation in East Africa. The interests of the East African planters are so diametrically opposed to the theories of the anti-slavery party that a compromise may have been impossible from the first.

The representatives of the Foreign Office in East Africa had, however, no intention of carrying out a compromise at all. Sir Arthur Hardinge adopted from the first an attitude of pronounced hostility to any scheme of emancipation. When he was overruled by the Government he appears to have devoted all the ingenuity with which Mr. Curzon credits him to the preparation of devices for rendering the Government policy inoperative. He instituted special courts under Arab judges, and thus left the administration of the slave law to the slave-owners. Meanwhile he not only insisted on slaves rescued by our naval brigade being again flung into bondage, but, in conjunction with Mr. Vice-Consul Crauford of Mombasa ordered British agents to take an active share in the search for runaway slaves. These revolting operations are as illegal as they are injudicious and unjust. For if there be one question connected with East African slavery which admits of no difference of opinion, legal or moral, it is the treatment of fugitive slaves. The only justification for the temporary retention of domestic slavery in East Africa is that the

system is a serfdom, the immediate abolition of which would be detrimental to the interests of the slaves themselves. "Slavery is a very mild and humane institution in the hands of a good Mahomedan," says Mr. Lane Poole, and no one who has visited the slave plantations of East Africa doubts that in many, if not in most, cases this judgment is true. But in spite of Mohammed's declaration that "a man who ill-treats his slave shall not enter into Paradise," the slaves are sometimes cruelly ill-used. It is probably only a small minority of the masters who adopt such a suicidal policy; but some of them do. The fact that a slave runs away is in itself weighty *prima facie* evidence of ill-treatment. The slave has his own small garden, his own hut, and his own property. He would not abandon these without cause. The obvious policy was therefore to punish the bad masters, and no method of doing this could be simpler, more effective, and more appropriate than to refuse to undertake the recapture of fugitives. Those who, like Sir Arthur Hardinge, are most anxious to delay the final abolition of slavery ought to have been the most careful to point out to the owners that the only tie which can now keep slaves in bondage is personal affection between master and man. But, instead of that, Sir Arthur Hardinge and his subordinate, Vice-Consul Crauford, of Mombasa, have been using the British power to protect the worst class of slave-owners from the natural consequences of their own misdeeds. Fortunately their proceedings are as illegal as they are immoral. The most scandalous thing about this slave-hunting is that nothing was known about it to the responsible officials at home. But how simple is Mr. Curzon's faith in his agents was shown by his amazing remark that the "best guarantee" that Sir Arthur Hardinge will do his utmost to enforce the Emancipation Decree is "his great popularity with the Arabs." Great popularity among the thieves is not usually regarded as the best of testimonials to a policeman! It is because Sir A. Hardinge is accused of having sacrificed the interests of the slaves to his friendship with a discredited Arab clique that he is unfit for his present post. He has proved himself a willing tool of the Prime Minister of Zanzibar, and there will be no confidence in the honest execution of the recent pledges so long as Sir A. Hardinge is the East African representative of the Government he has hoodwinked so successfully. Mr. Curzon has shown himself lacking in the brain and grit necessary to deal with this monstrous Zanzibar scandal; the Colonial Office should deal with it for him, and deal with it promptly.

THE LADY IN THE CASE.

IF any further witness were needed of the incapacity of women for the active warfare of political life, we might point triumphantly to the re-examination of Miss Flora Shaw, the bright particular colonial minister to the "Times," on Friday, the 2nd of July. When one listened to the glib bombast of the "Times" lady before the Committee, one was dumfounded, not by her wisdom or acumen or patriotism, but by the fact that a great newspaper, or at the least a newspaper with great traditions, should have confided such large issues to so obviously incompetent a mind. Her looseness of thought, her bewilderment under responsibility, her laughable self-importance were so characteristic of the ordinary weaker vessel that contempt could not fail to be tempered by pity.

While she undoubtedly possesses many egregious qualities—a certain gift of expression, many of the minor instincts of diplomacy, and, what is rarest of all in her sex, no small share of discretion—she was, in the face of Imperial issues, a mere fly on the wheel, a frog seeking to inflate itself to the proportions of an ox. This, of course, Mr. Rhodes recognized long ago. His dealings with her are easily explained by her sphere of usefulness: the weak shallow woman with many potent wires in her hand, and these wires worth pulling by a master. It is obvious that he gave her no confidence; at the most a little flattery and a good many peremptory instructions; through others, perhaps, a little advice as to her investments. But the significant point is that the "Times" should have

placed its destinies so unreservedly in such flabby fingers. Since the day of Pigott, no more astounding exhibition of misplaced confidence has been made by that unfortunate newspaper, and it is not too much to say that the *débâcle* of the Parnell Commission now finds consummation in the *dégringolade* of the South Africa Committee.

I have given Miss Shaw credit for discretion, and I see no reason to dispute the fidelity of her intentions towards her employers. She was at some pains to emphasize that by persistently shirking unimportant details all through her evidence. But the limitations of her acumen were exposed by at least two incautious admissions. Every one who has penetrated the veil of modern diplomacy knows that it is the ambition of the actual administrators of the "Times" to arrogate to that journal the position of a seventh Great Power. They send "instructions"—and not merely in the "pedantic sense"—to foreign Governments as well as to their own hired correspondents: if these instructions are treated with appropriate contempt, they issue menacing ultimatums with as much assurance as if they possessed an army and a navy to enforce their every ukase. They are for ever intriguing, meddling and blustering in every quarter of the globe, and they instruct their emissaries to claim the precedence due to diplomatic representatives. I know of many cases in point as near home as the Balkan States, and am prepared to substantiate my statement should occasion arise. The "Times" government is, however, very sensitive on the subject of these absurd pretensions, and until Miss Shaw entered the witness-box again last week rumour had taken no very definite shape on the matter, so far as the general public was concerned. Now, however, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has put the allegation very definitely forward, and Miss Shaw, in spite of, and perhaps also because of, much shifty tergiversation, has conveyed a very distinct impression of its truth. Many Englishmen, we feel sure, will now ask themselves whether they are content to allow a handful of irresponsible journalists and speculators to speak and act in their name and in the name of their country. It amounts to that, for foreign Governments, when they find themselves the subjects of insolent dictation at the hands of what they believe to be a Government organ, and when they find the Colonial Office—perhaps also the Foreign Office—in close alliance and consultation with the staff of that organ, will naturally conclude the voice of the "Times" is the voice of Her Majesty's Government. It behoves Mr. Chamberlain, assuredly, to lose no time in making the position clear, and giving the world to understand that the "Times" represents nobody but Mr. Arthur Walter and his paid staff of both sexes.

It is also important to note that Miss Shaw's second admission accentuates the gravity of the first. After much indecorous shuffling in the vain hope of shielding her employers, she confessed to Mr. Labouchere that she had shown her telegrams to some one at the "Times" office, and that her confidant was Mr. Arthur Walter. He, therefore, the manager and principal proprietor of the "Times," was undoubtedly privy to a quaint conspiracy for misleading Mr. Rhodes and taking Mr. Chamberlain's name in vain. Time alone can show how much and how little Mr. Chamberlain knew or ought to have known; but if Miss Shaw's telegrams, approved as they were by Mr. Walter, are to be taken in their obvious sense—and none of her convulsive efforts have succeeded in imparting to them any other sense—Mr. Chamberlain is placed upon his defence, and his only obvious course is to disown the lords of Printing-House Square. No one in this country takes the "Times" seriously, and it is high time that less sophisticated foreigners should also be effectually disillusioned.

Miss Shaw is, of course, a mere pawn in the game. She has exhibited her ignorance and credulity more than once. A glaring instance was that when she claimed to distinguish Mr. Rhodes's telegrams from those of Dr. Harris by their style. She professed to have paid no attention to a certain cablegram, signed by Mr. Rhodes, because the hand was obviously the hand of Harris. Here, however, she had been refuted

by Mr. Rhodes himself. He was asked by Sir William Harcourt, "I suppose a telegram signed by you would not be sent without your seeing it?" and he replied, "That is so." Wherefore Miss Shaw can only claim to save her perspicacity at the expense of her honesty, which I have no reason to impugn. But the fact remains that Miss Shaw is, after all, a very characteristic representative of the "Times."

HERBERT VIVIAN.

THE BADGE OF MEN.

"IN shuttered rooms let others grieve,
And coffin thought in speech of lead;
I'll tie my heart upon my sleeve:
It is the Badge of Men," he said.

His friends forsook him: "Who was he!"
Even beggars passed him with a grin:
Physicians called it lunacy;
And priests, the unpardonable sin.

He strove, he struck for standing-ground:
They beat him humbled from the field;
For though his sword was keen, he found
His mangled heart a feeble shield.

He slunk away, and sadly sought
The wilderness—false friend of woe.
"Man is The Enemy," he thought;
But Nature proved a fiercer foe:

The vampire sucked, the vulture tore,
And the old dragon left its den,
Agape to taste the thing he wore—
The ragged, bleeding Badge of Men.

"Against the Fates there stands no charm,
For every force takes its own part:
I'll wear a buckler on my arm,
And in my bosom hide my heart!"

But in his bosom prisoned fast
It pained him more than when it beat
Upon his sleeve; and so he cast
His trouble to the ghouls to eat.

Back to the city, there and then
He ran; and saw, through all disguise,
On every sleeve the Badge of Men:
For truth appears to cruel eyes.

Straight with his sword he laid about,
And hacked and pierced their hearts, until
The beaten terror-stricken rout
Begged on their knees to know his will.

He said, "I neither love nor hate;
I would command in everything."
They answered him, "Heartless and great!
Your slaves we are: be you our king!"

JOHN DAVIDSON.

THE BEST SCENERY I KNOW.

III.

PERHAPS my most agreeable recollection of a winter spent in Rome is the recollection of innumerable drives with a friend in the Roman Campagna and about the Castelli Romani. The Comte de B., after a lifetime of disinterested travelling, in which he has trained his eyes to a perfect susceptibility, and his judgment to a perfect impartiality, in the noting and comparison of so

much of the world's scenery, has come finally to a deliberate preference of this scenery about Rome as the most beautiful in the world, a deliberate choice of it as the scenery most appropriate, at all events, to the demands of his own temperament, the requirements of his own meditations. And it is through his eyes, certainly, that I first learned to see the Campagna, which, like all profound beauty, does not reveal itself to all, with the insolent challenge of alps, the feminine seductiveness of meadow-lands; and I cannot evoke for myself the spectacle of the Roman landscape without seeing in its midst so difficult, so constant, so learned a lover of it; for this strange, attractive figure, the traveller, the student of race, the student of history, with his courtly violence, his resolute pieties, his humorous prejudices softening the rigour of a singular spiritual equanimity, his reticent, self-absorbed, and yet gracious and affectionate temperament, has come to seem to me himself an inevitable figure in that landscape.

The beauty of the Campagna is a soft, gradual, changing beauty, whose extreme delicacy is made out of the action upon one another of savage and poisonous forces. The line of the Alban mountains, against the clear sky, is the most harmonious line of mountains that I have ever seen; but its pathetic grace, in which there is almost the appeal of music, comes to it from the tumultuous caprice of volcanic fires. The great plain, which, seen from the hills, is like a gently undulating sea, covered with soft and variable tints as the sunlight wanders across it, is a desert of lava, barren soil, and lank herbage, discoloured grass and the far from "tufted" asphodel. The malaria which always lurks there has thinned and withered and bent the few shepherds and herdsmen who are its only inhabitants. Its silence is the silence of desolation. It is ridged with broken aqueducts, strewn with the fragments of the tombs and villas of Romans. Before Rome was, it was Latium, the birthplace of the Latin people. It hides under it the Catacombs of the Christians. All the changes of the earth and of the world have passed over it, ruining it with elaborate cruelty; and they have only added subtlety to its natural beauty, and memories to that beauty of association which is a part of the spirit of places.

But the charm of the Campagna depends also, more than most landscapes, on weather, on the hour at which one sees it; and it has different aspects, seems to reveal to one a different secret, as one approaches it from this gate or that. Our drive was usually timed to end with sunset, and sunset is the most surprising and illusive hour at which to see the Campagna. I remember the first sunset I ever saw there. We had driven around the deserted outer side of the Aurelian Wall, between the *canne*, rustling loudly, rattling against one another, in the rising *tramontana*, and the tall brown wall, in which the stones are of every age and recall every ruler of Rome. The air was cold and bright, and as we came near the Porta San Sebastiano, beyond which lies the Via Appia, sunset was beginning to streak a pale sky with faint bands of rose and green, against which I saw the cypresses of Shelley's graveyard and the Pyramid of Cestius. The sky flushed, moment by moment, with brighter and brighter, yet always delicate, colour, a faint rose which reddened to fire, splashing with sidelong jets of flame the pallid green which brightened miraculously to a watery colour as green as grass, yet as luminous as moonlight. Green melted into gold, red into the faintest of rose, as if an inner heat burned them, and every colour was reflected in diminishing shades, above and below, upon the sky itself. And this light in the sky seemed to reflect itself, as in a mirror, all over the Campagna, which changed sensitively as every colour changed in the sky. In a time of scirocco, when I have seen the vapour rolling in from the hills, the whole plain has seemed to wither into an ashen greyiness; at noon, under steady sunlight, it has shimmered with gold; at night, when I have climbed a high wooded bank which lies outside the Porta del Popolo, I have seen it lying under its network of silver mist, the Tiber hurrying through it, curved like a crescent. And always, closing in the plain as with a magic circle, there has been the soft line of the Alban hills, the sharper indentations of the Sabine hills, and beyond, the snow upon the Apennines.

The beauty of the little hill-towns which rise out of the Campagna, like rocks rising out of the sea, has really the character of a kind of inland sea-coast, in which the houses themselves take a precipitous and rocky air, clinging, as they do at Ariccia, to a scant foothold over a gulf, or, at Rocca di Papa, to the bare side of the mountain; and they have, along with this shy and withdrawn savagery of aspect, to which the quite recent legends of brigandage add a certain confirmation, something almost artificial in their exquisite poise, their spectacular appropriateness of detail, the happy accidents of their grouping, and the rococo adornment of their villas, built for Popes and princes. It is by their artificiality that they seem to attach themselves to Rome, by that side of them which is delicate and ornate; their ruggedness, the freshness of their mountain air, the colour in the rough cheeks of their peasants, the flavour of their wine and flowers, are all their own, and have nothing in common with anything Roman. Only Tivoli seems to me in a sense Roman, one of the great things of Rome, on the same natural scale as the great buildings there; what is artificial in its waterfalls and gorges and the terraced Villa d'Este being done consummately, and with a complete harmony of adaptation.

And, like the Campagna, these *castelli* have their secrets, which are not quite ready to reveal themselves to every comer. At Frascati, for instance, even the Villa Aldobrandini is, in a sense, one of the show-villas; that villa which, if you read closely enough in Pater's "Marius," you will find described as the house of a certain "aristocratic poet who loved every sort of superiorities," where Marius meets Apuleius. "Whereupon," we are told, "the numerous cascades of the precipitous garden of the villa, framed in the doorway of the hall, fell into a harmless picture, in its place among the pictures within, and hardly more real than they." Yes, even there I do not find the intimacy, the penetrating strangeness, of the neglected gardens of the Villa Falconieri, higher up on the other side of the climbing roadway, entered by a gate flowered through by the whole body of an immense, twisted, very ancient tree, which has been allowed so fantastic a whim of growth. There is a little lake on a plateau at the highest point of those gardens, which I shall remember even if I forget Lake Nemi itself, and that "mirror of Diana" is the most purely beautiful lake I have ever seen. This space of dark water is closed in on three sides by tall, motionless cypresses, their solemn green, menacing enough in itself, reflected like great cubes of blackness, pointing downwards at the sky. The waters are always dark, even in full sunlight; they have always that weight upon them of the funeral trees which stand between them and the sun; and through the cypresses you can see Rome, far away, beyond the gardens, the stacked vines, the olive-trees, and the indefinite wilderness, set there like a heap of white stones. I scarcely know what it is that this unaccountable scene awaits; but it seems to wait. Disillusioned lovers might walk there, chill even on a day of sun, seeing their past perhaps in that distant glimpse of Rome, their future in those cypress-shadowed depths, and their present in the narrow strip of brown earth between those two infinitudes.

Scenery so liberal as this scenery of the Roman Campagna lends itself, on their own terms, to many minds. By whatever side human things and the history of the world interest you, on that side chiefly will you feel the attraction of the Campagna. To the friend, in whose company I frequented it, it was a mirror of very definite thoughts, memories, speculations, with which the history and religion of Rome had to do. Here, he would remind me, at that bend of the Tiber, Cleopatra's barge passed, rowing hard for Egypt; there, at the cross-roads on the Via Appia, Christ appeared to St. Peter, where the little church still asks the question, "Domine, quo vadis?" Here, on the Via Laurentina, a small chapel marks the spot where St. Peter and St. Paul took leave of one another before each went to his martyrdom; further on, at the Tre Fontane, where the Trappists' friends, the birds, sing among avenues of eucalyptus, St. Paul was beheaded. To my friend every stone had its precise memory, its legend or record. And that, certainly, is the most fruitful way of

seeing the Campagna, though, indeed, one ignorant or heedless of these things might still come to prefer this to all other scenery, for its own sake, for its mere natural sensitiveness to one's moods and the sunlight.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

VOYAGE D'AGREMENT.

THE forthcoming journey of the President of the Third Republic to St. Petersburg, or, to be accurate, to Peterhoff, is the result of an invitation given to M. Félix Faure last year at Châlons by Tsar Nicolas II. We will not do the latter the injustice of saying that had there been any probability of the invitation being accepted it would not have been given. Credited with omniscience as the Ruler of All the Russias may be, and well informed as his counsellors no doubt are, their combined knowledge can only be based on what is; and as far as we are aware, and in spite of many assertions to the contrary, there is no clause in the French Constitution prohibiting the Chief Magistrate from leaving the country to visit a foreign sovereign. On the other hand, there is no clause stipulating for such a visit. The contingency was not foreseen when this Constitution was framed. "Your improvised chiefs of the National Defence are simply so many 'knights of the pavement' (*chevaliers du pavé*)," said Bismarck to Jules Favre, at their interview at Ferrières, a fortnight after the fall of the Second Empire. Bismarck was not absolutely within the truth, although pretty close to it; but there is little doubt that at that particular moment he reflected the feelings of the Courts of Europe with regard to the men whom we now complacently term "the founders of the Third Republic." I should not like to assert that this feeling has completely worn off, and as such the young Emperor and his advisers showed decided originality in setting at nought certain prejudices: firstly, by repairing to Paris in state; secondly, by offering the head of the Third Republic their hospitality.

Unquestionably, the sequel to the entertainment of last year will prove more gratifying to French national pride than the acceptance of the entertainment itself by Nicolas II. It is one thing for a sovereign to repair to the Guildhall banquet on Lord Mayor's Day; it is another to invite the Lord Mayor privately to Windsor, even if it be tacitly understood that the magistrate is not thus honoured in an absolutely single capacity, but in a dual one. The City feels proud of its Mayor:—with the result of an enormously increased sentiment of loyalty and goodwill to the Royal host. That this will happen in the present case there cannot be the shadow of a doubt. The French will not go as far as to entrust M. Félix Faure with the bonds of the Russian loan and instruct him to burn them before Nicolas's face as Whittington did with the bonds of Henry V.; but they may open their purse-strings as wide as they did before, should Russia appeal to them again within the next twelvemonth or two years, as Russia is almost certain to do. They will do this, notwithstanding the repeated warnings of such sensible men as M. Jules Delafosse, who more than two years ago endeavoured to point out to them the value of a Russo-Franco alliance—if such an alliance there be. I advisedly say "if," seeing that three weeks before the Tsar's visit to Paris I strenuously denied in these columns the existence of *any document whatever* to this effect, either in the handwriting of or simply annotated by a responsible official of the Russian Foreign Office, and that nothing has occurred since then to invalidate my information on the subject. If, however, one admits the existence of such a document, as M. Jules Delafosse seemed and seems reluctantly inclined to do, what, one asks, is the aim of the Alliance? I cannot do better than reproduce some of his words. "I know pretty well," he says, "what we expect from it—viz. the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine either by amiable or violent means—i.e. by diplomatic steps or by war. If the keystone of our foreign policy is a Russo-Franco alliance, the main thought presiding at the framing of such an alliance will be the recovery of those lost provinces. We are like the maimed ones on the battlefield who have lost their arm or their leg or both and who continue to suffer in the amputated

limb. If contemporary France had possessed the energy and the faith of the Northern Italians during the Austrian dominion or the savage feeling of revolt of the Spanish against their French conquerors, *la revanche* would to-day be an accomplished fact. But, inasmuch as France is effete, unhinged, inasmuch as her forces are spent by a bad régime, inasmuch as, like dotards, she has infinitely more desires than virtue, she feels the need of others to undertake the grandiose task to which she is no longer equal; hence the kind of frenzy with which she has flung herself into the Russian alliance. Nevertheless, unless this alliance is to prove a snare and a delusion, it ought to serve equally, according to circumstances, the interest of both nations." And M. Delafosse goes on to ask what benefit France has reaped up to the present, especially with regard to her real (or supposed) interests in Egypt, for her money and for her diplomatic support of Russia against Japan. "No doubt," he remarks, "if Germany flung herself against us, as she threatened to do in 1875, Russia would not let her have her own way; but the precaution has become useless, for Germany will never go to war again with France. On the other hand, the Republic will not declare war against Germany; for she (the Republic) would assuredly die of her victory as of her defeat. The Republic which appears to have the adhesion of universal suffrage, in reality owes its existence to the tolerance of universal suffrage, owing to the lack of one man to confiscate the Republic. War would infallibly bring that man to the front, and the Republic would settle into darkness at the very hour the silhouette of the hero or the master dawned on the horizon."

Yet one cannot blame M. Félix Faure for his projected visit; only he reminds us of Mrs. Clarkson in Dumas' "L'Etrangère," who pays 25,000 francs for the pleasure of having a cup of tea in the Duchesse de Sept-Monts' drawing-room, and Mouravieff plays the part of the Duke.

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

CHROMOCONANOGRAPHY.

THOSE who have watched Doctor Conan Doyle's career will remember that he engaged with me, some months ago, in a queer little combat over his novel of Georgian manners, "Rodney Stone." He came off, if I may say so, second-best, but he took his defeat with such good-humour, and his tone was so courteous and contrasted so favourably with mine, which was most provocative, that I could not help crediting him, in my heart, with a moral victory. I liked his deportment very much, and have thought kindly of him ever since, and when, some days ago, there came to me, in a consignment from a circulating library, another book of his, "Uncle Bernac," I sat down to read it with all prejudice in its favour. I was pleased to find that the first chapter was really not half bad. How a young *émigré*, eager to serve the usurper whom his father had hated, crossed the channel in a lugger and was rowed, under a gathering storm, by two rascally seamen, to the beach of his beloved France, and how, in his great joy, he knelt down and pressed his lips "upon the wet and pringling gravel"—all this was told with force and sentiment, and with a literary style which no imitator of Stevenson need blush to acknowledge as his own. The succeeding chapters were not less good. I liked the storm and the salt-marsh and the mysterious stranger and the hair-breadth 'scape in the ruined cottage. As the hero and his host crept into the secret passage from the chalk-pit, I felt sure they would soon emerge upon a very respectable Romance. Emerge they did, in the Castle of Grosbois, where the hero was presented to a beautiful girl, whose mode of speech seemed to me rather too melodramatic to be really romantic. Still, I was full of hope. There were all the materials for a good story of its kind, when lo! the hero was summoned to the Camp of Boulogne, leaving the story behind him, and was whirled into the midst of Mrs. Jarley's wax-works. Here he was kept, doing nothing in particular, and was released, just before the end of the volume, to pick the story up again if he could—"adventures which," as Doctor Conan Doyle says with irresistible *naïveté*, "might have been of some interest

in themselves had I not introduced the figure of Napoleon." Why, then, drag in Napoleon? Or, at any rate, why drag in the story? To this question the Doctor has a ready answer: "if it had not been for that story I should not have had an excuse for describing to you my first and most vivid impressions of Napoleon, and so it has served a purpose after all." But has it? It seems to me, rather, one of two stools between which Doctor Conan Doyle has fallen badly. There are two ways of introducing a great historical figure into fiction. One is to make him the protagonist, around whom all the action revolves; the other is to sketch him in slightly, incidentally. The former mode has been adopted by my neighbour, "G. B. S.," who has presented Napoleon as the predominant figure in a dramatic episode, and has analysed him from the standpoint of a very clever civilian. Had Doctor Conan Doyle, likewise, made Napoleon the true pivot for a romance, he might have given us a worthy companion-picture for that which has been given by "G. B. S." In "Uncle Bernac," as it stands, Napoleon has no business save as an incidental figure, and yet he is allowed to overshadow all the other figures, until, without interesting us in himself, he succeeds in robbing us of any interest we may have taken in them. Doctor Conan Doyle, as we all know, has written for the stage; what would he say of a dramatist who allowed one of the supers in his play to have the stage all to himself throughout the second and third acts? He would say that such a dramatist was an unmitigated bungler. And that is what I feel bound to say of Doctor Conan Doyle.

"G. B. S." would not pretend that he had given us a perfect picture of Napoleon. But at least he has given his Napoleon something to do, has shown us the man's moods changing, in a natural sequence, under stress of certain incidents. His Napoleon convinces one more than the Doctor's in exactly the same ratio as an animatograph convinces one more than an album of kodaks. (Lest my neighbour blush as he reads this, let me explain that I seek not to crown him, but only to bonnet the Doctor.) In the "Man of Destiny," even though one read the play merely, and see not Mr. Murray Carson's acting, Napoleon is shown to us as a human being. In "Uncle Bernac," he is the sorriest of lay-figures, faked and padded, with his stiff joints adjusted, now to this, now to that, of the requisite altitudes, while the Doctor reels off a running commentary with "improving" digressions, in the manner of Little Nell. "The camp of Boulogne contained at that time one hundred and fifty thousand infantry, with fifty thousand cavalry, so that its population was second only to Paris among the cities of France. It was divided into four sections, the right camp, the left camp, the camp of Wimereux, and the camp of Ambleteuse, the whole being about a mile in depth, and extending along the seashore for a length of about seven miles." Heavens! The Doctor does not fail through lack of industry, at all events. If mere industry could do the trick, he would have triumphed indeed. In his reconstruction of Napoleon, he has omitted nothing, except Napoleon. With laborious accuracy are enumerated all the Emperor's peculiarities, compiled from all the best authorities—his "plump white legs," his quick temper, his indelicacy, his thin hair, his boyish smile, his boots, his charger, his brutal *amours*, his abstemiousness, his vanity, his bad penmanship, his "marvellous grasp of fact," his stoop, his parsimony, his snuff-box, "the brusque manner which he adopted to women," "the caressing gesture that was peculiar to him" and "the singular epileptic gesture which was peculiar to him." Insatiate Doctor! Floundering on from detail to detail, lumping in everything without selection, dragging in everyone by the hair of their heads—Talma, Grétry, Josephine, Robert Fulton, and all the Marshals—plunging among the dry-bones of history as a water-horse plunges among the water-reeds, is this, I ask you, is this the way to write a book? You have a great admiration for Napoleon, and you wished to make him vital in a romance. You are industrious and enthusiastic, and you are no

amateur in writing. Surely you might have foreseen that your method was crazy and foredoomed. Suppose that you will be re-incarnated towards the end of the next century and that your historical reading will inform you with an overpowering interest in the career and character of (say) Lord Randolph Churchill; and suppose that you will sit down with the purpose of portraying Lord Randolph in fiction. Shall you not, under these circumstances, take some phase or phases of his public life and so pave the way for a well-formed romance, in which his character, as it seems to you, may be effectively illustrated in action? Shall you not be careful to eliminate from the scheme of your book all extraneous matter that would but confuse your readers and hamper you in your chief aim? Or shall you (supposing that you can remember your experiences in this century) deliberately repeat the method of your "Uncle Bernac"? Shall you begin with an exciting tale about a young man, who, in the year 1885, fell in with a gang of Anarchist conspirators in Soho, and was, after many marvellous adventures, rescued by his uncle, and taken to see Lord Randolph Churchill at his room in the India Office? Would you then occupy pages with a catalogue of Lord Randolph's peculiarities, his large moustache, his prominent eyes, his slight lisp, the amber mouthpiece through which he smoked cigarettes? Shall you make him say at once "the duty of an Opposition is to oppose," "Mr. Gladstone is an old man in a hurry" and any other of his most famous utterances that you could remember? Shall you then make him engage the young man as private secretary, and, having cast his eye over a bundle of most complicated despatches, (astonishing one of the permanent officials by the rapidity with which he mastered them), jot down some notes for a speech to be delivered that evening at Birmingham, see that his fishing-tackle was ready for an imminent trip to Norway and make up his book for the Oaks, just in time to receive the Premier and have a stormy scene with Mr. W. H. Smith, and then, after a mood of deep despondency, hear that the Liberals had been defeated at a bye-election and jump up on to a chair, waving his hat round his head and cheering with all his might? After some chapters of this kind of thing, shall you then make Lord Randolph the means of his secretary marrying a young lady to whom he was deeply attached and living happily ever after? If, Doctor, you pursue this plan, shall you imagine that you have given a true or worthy or convincing picture of a tragic and fascinating figure in history?

I know that a great man cannot be perfectly described save by a great writer, but I know, also, that Doctor Conan Doyle might, if he had sought my advice at the outset, have made a respectable little book out of the Napoleonic Legend. I see that he hints at a sequel, (oh these sequels!), but would it not have been better had he written the sequel at once, and satisfied his publishers by substituting it for the portrait of Napoleon? The portrait of Napoleon is simply a trumpery and twopence-coloured supplement slipped in without rhyme or reason. It is a more terrible example of chromoconanography than even the portrait of George IV. which was given away with "Rodney Stone." Doctor Conan Doyle can write coherent stories—otherwise he would never have been the popular author that he is—and I warn him that, unless he pull himself together, he will find the public buying fewer of his books. The reviewers still ransack their vocabularies for words of ecstatic praise, but let Doctor Conan Doyle listen to me, nevertheless, rather than to them. I myself have enjoyed several of his earlier books, and I am quite honest in wishing him every success. Indeed, I have felt great compunction in writing this article at all, especially as Mr. Le Gallienne has been chiding me, not unkindly, in the "Star," for "baiting popular favourites." I feel rather nervous, now that I know Mr. Le Gallienne has his eye on me. Surely "baiting" is an inappropriate word. "Gibbeting" were better. *Faut vivre, mon chère.* Someone's got to be public hangman. The post is not attractive nor romantic, I know. But he who holds it is, in his modest way, on the side of the Angels. I am quite a decent

sort of person really. I, too, have gentle tastes, (when I am off duty), and love

"to hear the little brook a-gurgling,
(Brook a-gurgling),
and listen to the merry village chime
(Village chime.)"

MAX BEERBOHM.

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE.

GREGORY NAZIANZEN, the accomplished orator and bishop of the Eastern Church in the fourth century, is recorded to have withdrawn from all Councils and Synods of the clergy, complaining that they found no remedy for existing troubles, but only added new ones. Their discussions, he said, were like the chattering of geese or cranes. Martin of Tours held a similar opinion, and, like Gregory, avoided all clerical gatherings during the last years of his life; and Bossuet, in his time, passed an equally severe judgment upon Church Synods. It is quite possible that assemblies of laymen may be open to criticism and condemnation; but it cannot be denied that a special distrust is widely felt in regard to ecclesiastical gatherings, and not by laymen alone. There is a vague suspicion, perhaps not wholly unreasonable, that a tyranny may grow out of these meetings, fatal to that wide freedom of thought and action which is the best possession of the Anglican Church. It was probably some such feeling as this which led to the much-criticized conduct of Dean Stanley in refusing the use of the Abbey to the first Lambeth Assembly. It may be urged, on the other hand, with much force, that the Lambeth Conferences of the past have done little or no harm, and much good. They have very wisely declined the technical title of Synod in favour of the more modest word Conference. The gathering does not, and indeed could not, assume any authority, except that which must belong to the position and personality of its members, who may be presumed to be the pick of their profession, and among whom are certainly included an unusual number of learned, experienced and able men. In fact, it would seem not merely reasonable, but necessary, that the chief pastors of the English Church, and its independent but allied sisters, the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States and the Episcopal Churches of Ireland and Scotland, should meet from time to time to take mutual counsel.

There is no doubt that the present gathering is a very imposing one. It is the largest assembly of Anglican bishops that has yet been seen; and in some respects it is more interesting and impressive than the "parade of the British Empire" at the Jubilee. It brings out the union of many races in many lands, though the bond is that of common religious beliefs and spiritual ideals rather than that of Empire. There are, however, not a few, both within and without the Conference, to whom it seems a matter of the first importance that the Church, like the Empire, should be organized under one visible head. There is a marked tendency towards some form of centralization; and we hear again the talk of a Patriarchate of Canterbury, which Archbishops Tait and Benson so summarily put to silence at former assemblies. One of the subjects for discussion at the present Conference is "The Organization of the Anglican Communion," and it can scarcely be doubted that the relation of the Colonial and other bishops to the See of Canterbury will be considered. Already the Canadian Church has given its two metropolitans the title of archbishop; and it is understood that other churches, already organized in provinces, are likely to follow this lead. There is, indeed, a movement towards ecclesiastical, as well as towards imperial, federation. This is probably necessary; the Anglican Church in the Colonies appears to be growing rapidly, and its machinery needs to be completed upon canonical lines. But that is a very different thing from the proclamation of the Archbishop of Canterbury as *Papa alterius orbis*. In the first place, the independent churches in communion with the Church of England owe no allegiance to Canterbury, and their bishops are only here as representatives of sisters and allies. Is it to be sup-

posed that the Government of the United States would tolerate the assumption of any sort of jurisdiction, however shadowy, on the part of an English Primate over American citizens? Our own history is full of incidents which should serve as beacons and warnings.

It may be taken for granted, then, that Canterbury can claim no authority over the independent allied churches, and that no such claim will be made. But it is not unlikely that some scheme may be proposed for the establishment of a central authority representative of the English and Colonial Churches. The tendency of the ecclesiastical newspapers is in this direction; and we confess that we cannot get rid of some apprehension in regard to this movement. The present Archbishop of Canterbury is too level-headed and practical a man to lend himself to any feather-brained fancies; but the words of the American Bishop of Vermont appear to us exactly to touch the point—"A papacy at Canterbury, even in a modified form, is no more desirable than one at Rome." The history of the Roman papacy shows us how easily a primacy grows into something far less harmless by almost insensible degrees; and we venture to express the hope that the Lambeth Conference will avoid even the semblance of setting up a Canterbury Patriarchate, which cannot add to the dignity of the venerable See of St. Augustine, and is, in our belief, fraught with serious peril to the whole Anglican communion.

"DER EVANGELIMANN."

FOR long it has been apparent to me that in this country no worse misfortune could befall a new musical work than to be damned on its introduction by the approval of the "Daily Telegraph"; and the "Daily Telegraph" has praised Kienzl's "Evangelimann" in terms that could scarce have been more cordial had Mr. Joseph Bennett written the libretto. So fervent is the critic that at first he cannot stay to criticize but, commencing with a text—"Jealousy is as cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame"—dashes eagerly into a most Spurgeonian sermon, with a Spurgeonian anecdote—the story of the opera—thrown in to illustrate the sermon. "The words of the Wise Man," says the Preacher, "are a fitting motto for the opera. . . . Many a drama has the passion of jealousy for its motive, and we have seen it working in varied forms and places—in the palaces of kings, amid knightly revels, and even in the retreats of those who profess to have forsworn the world. Wilhelm Kienzl, librettist-composer of 'The Evangelimann,' shows its action among humble scenes and plain people, who, for dramatic purposes, are as human as their betters, and offer a fairer opportunity for touching the springs of natural emotion." And after illustrating "its action amongst humble scenes and plain people" by the story of "Der Evangelimann" the Preacher adds that "it is as natural a tale as ever was told. The stage, we cannot but feel, here becomes a scene of actual life. This may not be the highest, but it is the most moving art, for a reason which lies in the words of another Gospel-man on seeing a criminal taken to execution: 'There goes myself, but for the grace of God?' Need it be added that the story is sad and gloomy?" It need not, nor—for those who know the "Telegraph" and its musical critic—that the story is as common and old as the most ardent lover of the vulgarest transpontine melodrama could desire. It is worth while looking at the tale which seems to the "Telegraph" critic so natural and moving. Johannes, a seeming virtuous but really vicious person, and Mathias his brother, who is seemingly vicious but really virtuous, both love Martha: Martha loves only Mathias. Therefore Johannes in the first place tells Martha's father of her meetings with Mathias; and later, finding the lovers together, sets fire to a barn: Martha hides; and every one rushes in and accuses Mathias of the "deed of incendiarism"; and the curtain falls as Martha comes out and declares him innocent. In the interval between this act and the next Mathias is sent to prison for twenty years, in spite of the evidence of Martha. Now I ask what there is natural or moving about this specimen of old-fashioned melodrama badly done? Why should Johannes have set fire to a barn, of

all things, to injure Mathias? why should not the crowd devote itself to putting the fire out instead of yelling at Mathias? Why should the judge afterwards take the bare word of Johannes rather than the word of Martha and Mathias? Far from being natural, the thing is extravagantly improbable; far from being moving, it moves one only to contemptuous laughter. And if this act moves one to laughter, the second fills one with a strong feeling of disgust. It is twenty-five years later; Martha has committed suicide—as though she could not just as conveniently have died of something romantic—and Johannes, now a wicked old man, with something on his conscience that interferes with his digestion and breathing, lies a-dying, and is taking an unconscionable time about it. Before we see him Mathias comes in and tells his history to Magdalena. He is now an "Evangelimann"—a kind of canting beggar who sings hymns and takes what coins a gratified public offers him. When he is finished and some children have been dragged in to sing a hymn with him, we are shown Johannes. He lies raving, but hears the "Evangelimann" chanting outside, and sends for him. Identity and forgiveness follow; Johannes dies; and the children sing "Blest are they who are persecuted for the sake of righteousness" &c.—a most singularly inapposite text, since Mathias was not persecuted precisely for the sake of righteousness, but for something quite different. But apart from this objection, could there be a cheaper appeal than the whole of this act, with its hymn-whining, its sentimentality and its sham religion, to the meanest instincts of the small shopkeeping class? Even the business of forgiveness is vulgar, if not absolutely wrong on ethical grounds. It is right to hate those who have wilfully injured us; it is wicked to forgive them; as a matter of practice we all do hate them and hit them as hard as we can when the opportunity arrives, though—also as a matter of practice—many of us say we do forgive them and would not hurt them in return on any account. But when people talk in that vein it is safe to assume that they are not the injured, but the injurers; and any one who had not seen the first part of the "Evangelimann" would be justified in believing Mathias actually to have set fire to the barn and to have come to grief in a futile endeavour to get Johannes convicted of the crime. But, from this objection apart again, the whole act—and for that matter, the whole opera—is very poorly managed: there is not an Adelphi playwright who could not teach Mr. Kienzl to do it better. The children are pulled in by the very hair of their innocent heads in the second act, just as the peasants are dragged reluctantly into the first act, and for the same reason—to spin out a very thin antiquated story. On the whole I like the children better than the peasants, whose humour is intolerable to any but a German audience. It consists entirely of a tailor who cannot play ninepins knocking over all the nine by accident. It is not to be regretted that the "Daily Telegraph" has given such enthusiastic commendation to this solemn nonsense; for it relieves our minds of a disagreeable suspicion. When the "Telegraph" went into raptures over sundry works of which Mr. Joseph Bennett was librettist, we all said—well, never mind what we said. But now the view may at least be upheld that these works were honestly praised for the same reason as "Der Evangelimann" is praised—because they were vulgar.

It is on the strength of the "natural and moving" story that "Der Evangelimann" has achieved success in Germany, and will achieve all the success it is likely to have in England; and it is partly on that account that I have dealt fully with the story. Frankly, I hope the opera will not succeed here; for at a time when to put on "Siegfried" and "Tristan" and "The Mastersingers" twice or thrice in a season is reckoned the most brilliant of managerial feats, it is not a good thing for the resources of Covent Garden to be expended on such stuff. Moreover, what opera needs just now is not worse, but better, stories than those which served Donizetti and Bellini to hang their unapproachably dull melodies on; and the story of the "Evangelimann" is not better, but worse, than those stories—the whole thing is a move in the wrong direction. To compare "Der

Evangelimann with "Hansel and Gretel" is absurd. "Hansel and Gretel" is a pretty story prettily handled: "Der Evangelimann" is an ugly story clumsily handled. But it is worse to compare the music of the two operas than to compare their plots. Most of the "Hansel and Gretel" music is pleasant; whereas no recent opera contains more vulgar, ineffectual and pretentious music than the "Evangelimann." The principal love-melody is as common as the latest drawing-room ballad; the chorales which play an important part remind me of that delightful collection of hymns known as the "Hymnal Companion"; the fire music is worthy only of a pantomime; the music which accompanies the rising of the moon would be scornfully rejected at a music-hall. Yet Mr. Kienzl deserves some credit; for surely never before was effected such a miraculous combination of quasi-Wagner themes, waltzes that fail to be "catchy," Nessleresque tunes and Salvation Army melodies. It is all very amazing; but I trust never to hear it again.

It would be unkind to ask for the name of the clever person who induced the Covent Garden management to produce this masterpiece. Suffice it that it was produced, and that Miss Engle and Madame Schumann-Heink sang well, that Mr. Van Dyck sang better, and by his acting convinced one that he knew he was playing the part of a hypocrite, and that Mr. Bispham quite distinguished himself by his rendering of the death of Johannes. If the artists do as well in "Figaro" to-night (Friday), there will indeed be reason to rejoice.

J. F. R.

THE SHOOTING STAR SEASON.

"La Douloureuse." By Maurice Donnay. Madame Réjane's season at the Lyric Theatre, 21 June, 1897.

The Vienna Volkstheater Company's season at Daly's Theatre, 21 June, 1897.

THIS is the season when the foreign actor and the native travelling star come to London that they may be recognized in other places as coming from London. It is assumed by a thoughtless public that they come because London wants them. But London never wants anything: the greatest artists in the world throw their best at its head without making the smallest impression on its "verdammte Bedürfnislosigkeit." Only, just as we will stamp an agreement for you at Somerset House for sixpence, so, if you take a West End theatre or a Bond Street gallery for your show, and advertise and invite the Press according to a well-established and frightfully expensive routine, we will send down a horde of dreary, disillusioned men whose devoted calling it is to sample the pleasures of others in the sweat of their brow, attending entertainments as waiters attend civic banquets, with this horrible difference, that they are compelled to eat all the dishes and drain all the wines to the very dregs, whether they like them or not, so that they may advise the guests as to which they had better order. These unhappy men will write you up or write you down, as the case may be, in the newspapers; but they are pretty sure to write you up, because in writing you down they have to be extremely careful what they say lest you should have the law of them, whereas in paying you compliments they may say what they please without the least anxiety to themselves or their editors. When they have done their worst or best, as the case may be, a few of the public will come and make a small contribution towards your expenses at the doors—enough to pay your gas bill and half your rent if you are lucky; and then off you go on tour to recoup your losses on the strength of your London reputation.

In short, a London season is an advertisement, and nothing else. I sometimes wonder whether it is worth what it costs. It is not very easy for a Londoner to prove to Londoners that it is possible to do without London, because neither party knows anything of the people who try the experiment; but I cannot help suspecting that the more able an actor "starring" with a repertory is, the less frequently he meets with those checks to his career of provincial and colonial money-making which force him to pause and sacrifice a large

sum to procure a fresh coat of London paint for his reputation. Mrs. Kendal, who is one of our very finest artists, might be said to have simply dropped London if it were not for the faint compliment she paid us some time ago by playing Mr. Grundy's "Greatest of These" at the Garrick. America used to send us Miss Ada Rehan, an actress of genius as well as of extraordinary technical accomplishment, who could actually make responsible critics polite to "Dollars and Cents," "Countess Gucki," and the exasperating manager who wasted her on those plays; but Miss Rehan informs us now that if we want to see her we can do so by going to Newcastle. Even Mrs. Patrick Campbell is vanishing. Now that she is no longer content to be a mere piece of trimming for fashionable dramas, but asserts herself as an actress, we see as little of her as of Miss Janet Achurch, who has always "starred." What has become of Miss Alma Murray, who has an exceptional record as an actress, and is quite capable of what is naively disparaged behind the scenes as "the sort of thing that authors want"—that is, skilled acting? Why have we seen so little of the incomparable Mrs. Calvert, and so much of the very mediocre old ladies who are never tempted out of London? It is the same with the men. Mr. Benson apparently finds, as Barry Sullivan did, that it is better to reign in the provinces than to serve "backers" for fifteen years or so for an uneasy position as a London manager. Mr. Wilson Barrett disappears for years to amass the means of giving ruinous treats to us cockneys. Mr. Willard has not thought us worth troubling about this season; Mr. Hare's opinion as to the value of playing "The Hobby Horse" and "Caste" at the Court has not been ascertained; and Mr. Forbes Robertson has been busily comparing the successes of the actor throughout the kingdom with the failures of the dramatist in the capital. It seems that the moment an actor becomes sufficiently master of his art to be independent of speculation in fashionable drama—that is, of London management—we see less and less of him, especially since the recent discoveries of America and the Cape, to which, however, we can fortunately add "provincial London"—Camberwell and Islington and so on. Of course complete impermanence is not possible in so gigantic a capital as London. The Lyceum, the Criterion, the Haymarket, and the Adelphi can boast that, given a tolerable play, new or old, their reputation and the acting of their companies will pull it through, even triumphantly. Thus, roughly speaking, the West End of London seems capable of maintaining about four theatres, one classical, one popular, and two intermediate, in tolerable security; for Sir Henry Irving is completely independent of the dramatist, and only approaches him in moments of aberration; Mr. Wyndham and Messrs. Harrison and Cyril Maude can always fall back safely on the French theatre of the middle of the century when they are at a loss; and the Adelphi plays are like Messrs. Chubb's locks: each of them presents a fresh combination and permutation of the standard component parts, and so can be described as "new and original"; but the parts are the same, and the manufacture would probably be carried on by machinery if hand labour were not cheaper. The other houses, though they number among them the best managed theatre in London (the St. James's) and the handsomest stage and auditorium (Her Majesty's), are in the desperately precarious position of depending on their luck and judgment in getting hold of interesting plays so contrived that the illusion can be sufficiently suggested to the audience, without anything worth calling acting, by people of agreeable personality and cultivated tact and command of manner. Genius and impersonative faculty, being expensive and apt to be troublesome to the management, are dispensed with, and go on tour.

Under these circumstances I cannot but be thankful that there is still glamour enough about this neglected metropolis to induce a foreign actor or actress to look in upon us occasionally for an advertisement. Duse, the greatest actress we have ever seen, has unfortunately selected Paris for her hoarding, so to speak, this year; but if I am cut off from her acting, I can at least admire her advertising. It is magnificent. Other actresses court journalists, receive interviewers and

bewitch them, dine with royal families, wear orders or bediamonded miniatures of kings, and send their latest portraits to every illustrated paper in Europe. Duse knows better than that. She treats the Press with such unbearable contempt that it can talk of nobody else. "I detest journalists," she says; and instantly every journalist in the world chronicles the outrage. She shows interviewers the door, indignantly proclaiming that her private life is her own, and that "the public do not need to see the strings of the marionette." Next day every living editor publishes the epigram and feels that he must have some details about her private life or be for ever disgraced. And the details come, not from vulgar journalists, but from ancient friends of noble family who have enjoyed the rare privilege of her friendship, and who betray her confidence in a shocking manner, publishing snapshots of her in her hammock, giving the names of her books, the gems of her conversation, the anecdotes of her early struggles, and everything that the most inquisitive of interviewers could extract from the most communicative of prima donnas. Kings send their chamberlains to conduct her to the royal box: she replies to the effect that an introduction to her is the privilege of her friends, not of official persons in crowns and other fripperies. The kings humble themselves to go in search of the scornee, and even tap at the door of her dressing-room. "Who is there?" says the Signora. "The king." "Excuse me: I am changing my dress." "I will wait." "Useless, sire. I cannot receive you. Very sorry. Go away." "D—!" And the king goes away furious, and gives orders that the Duse is never to be allowed to play at the Court Theatre again, which has precisely the same effect as if she had clapped a couple of boards on the royal back and breast and sent him through Europe as one of her sandwich-men. If she had been here last month she would have snubbed the Jubilee; and from that moment we should have heard no more of the Queen: the whole business would have become a colossal puff for her, beginning with a Duse Jubilee number of the "Daily Chronicle." I am myself a hardened and passably expert advertiser; but I positively blush at the scale of Duse's operations, especially this Paris campaign. Patti and Sarah Bernhardt have written their names across the heavens in their day with remarkable persistence and success; but they are as much babies compared to Duse in the art of publicity as in the art of acting. Others may flatter and smile and gush and bribe, and cover continents with a network of agents to do the same by deputy. Duse simply turns her back superbly on the whole business; and lo! it is done before she can turn round again.

In the absence of Duse, we have Bernhardt, Réjane, and Odilon. Odilon is the Ada Rehan of the Vienna Volkstheater Company, which may now be seen of an afternoon at Daly's Theatre, where "The Geisha" (whatever that may be—no doubt something musical) still occupies the evenings. They play harmless German comedies of the kind beloved by Mr. Daly. Such dramatic mediocrity may distress our Ibsen enthusiasts; but, as Wagner pointed out twenty years ago, mediocre work is the only work that our modern theatre can present perfectly. An amusing mediocre play, done as well as it can be done, and indeed much better than it deserves to be done, passes the afternoon very pleasantly; and that is what the Vienna company gives us. The actors are skilled professionals, and not amateurs who train themselves by imitating one another's mannerisms, like our unhappy stage casuals. Madame Odilon's qualifications hardly leap to English eyes at first sight: her person, voice and address will hardly be considered uncommon here, certainly not distinguished; for she makes no effort to be either picturesque or ladylike. But she wins her way irresistibly as an actress, her "Gold'ne Eva" being quite the best piece of comedy we have had from abroad since Duse's *Mirandolina*. Her comic power, which has the vivacity of Lady Bancroft's and the breadth of Mrs. John Wood's, has a full reserve of strength, natural dignity and depth of sentiment behind it. After Mesdames Réjane and Bernhardt the very plainnesses of her style are specially welcome. Herr Christian, the John Drew of the company, does

no more perhaps than we have a right to expect from any well-graced and competent actor in his position; but in London the mere fact that he knows his business fills the natives with astonishment and admiration.

Réjane has brought us M. Maurice Donnay's "La Douleureuse," in which a circle of disreputable people are represented as gaily sitting down to a champagne supper whilst the host lies suicided. Such false sociology is unpardonable. I can assure M. Donnay that disreputable people, having no nerves and no character, are always full of "heart." If their host committed suicide, they would burst into tears, see his ghost, commiserate his wife and children, and drink brandy very apologetically on the plea of being quite upset. And they would send all the flowers they could beg or buy on credit to heap on the coffin. However, it does not matter: the whole play is only an excuse for a very effective and touchingly executed stroke of stage business at the end of the third act, when Réjane tries in vain to put on a heavy cloak without assistance from her lover, with whom she has just had a tearing scene. The rest is the familiar Réjanesque routine. The old allurements, including the vulgarities of "Sans-Gêne" without any of the momentary delicacies and dignities which have occasionally redeemed the trivial side of her repertory in the eyes of audiences who know how to appreciate the comparative self-respect of English actresses of her rank, are in full play throughout. Their repetition would become intolerable if it were possible to dislike Réjane. Fortunately for her, her cleverness, good-fellowship and queer personal charm put that out of the question. She is supported by an excellent company. I hope she will give me the opportunity of returning to the subject by redeeming her promise to play Nora Helmer; for of "Sans-Gêne" I have had enough. G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

MONEY remains cheap, and the Stock Markets are still inactive. The tendency all round is to wait upon events. Consequently there are neither buyers nor sellers, and prices are practically stationary. Just as Foreign securities are marking time while the Sultan keeps the Ambassadors waiting, so in the South African Market investors and speculators pause until President Kruger shall have made up his mind. Wall Street operators, indeed, have made the passing of the Dingley Tariff Bill an excuse for another upward movement in the American Market, but it is highly improbable that the improvement will be sustained. Elsewhere, with the exception of the depression in the market for cycle shares, there is nothing doing.

The heavy fall in these shares this week will not cause surprise to those who have read our recent remarks on the growth of American competition and the cutting of prices to which over-production has compelled manufacturers on the other side. It is now becoming recognized among holders that this foreign competition is serious enough already, and is certain to grow more serious before long, and that, as a consequence, British makers cannot afford to stick out for the fancy prices they have hitherto been in the habit of charging for indifferent machines. One of our leading firms, the Rudge-Whitworth Company, has recognized the inevitable trend of matters, and has substantially reduced its charges. Others are bound to do the same, and one and all—but more especially the weaker concerns, which are numerous—will be severely hit; so that prices may be expected to go still lower. It looks from present indications as if the smaller fry will go under sooner even than we predicted.

The increase in the shipments of gold from Western Australia during the first half of the current year was very noteworthy, and justifies our view that, whatever may happen to the many wild-cat properties foisted upon British investors during the continuance of the "boom," the more solid undertakings can look forward to a good fortune. The exports amounted to 265,314 oz., as compared with 114,324 oz. for the first half of 1896, and 281,263 oz. for the whole of that year. If this rate

of increase is kept up between now and December, the figure for 1897 will be more than double that for 1896. Queensland mines have also enjoyed a good half-year, the yield being 49,300 oz. in excess of the same period of last year.

Some progress has been made with Mr. Hooley's scheme for the amalgamation of the Australasian frozen meat business. At any rate a conference of thirteen companies interested in the project was held on Monday at Sydney, and though the proposals as they stood were voted crude, the appointment of a committee to discuss the details seems to indicate that the attitude of the trade is not adverse. Several things might be said for and against this scheme, but at the present stage we do not feel called upon to say them. This, however, is certain—that amalgamation will be good for the meat companies themselves, and will save them much money directly, besides strengthening their hands in view of the competition of Argentina, which nearly doubled its shipments of frozen mutton to this country between 1890 and last year.

Thanks to the abnormal rush of imports during the past three months, the American Treasury deficit for the fiscal year 1896-7 proves to be less than was generally anticipated. Instead of the 64½ million dollars promised by Mr. Carlisle, the amount, as given in the preliminary statement we have seen, does not exceed 25½ million dollars. This is quite large enough, to be sure, but there is the consolation that it might have been very much larger. On this basis, the deficit is almost similar to that of last year, and is much below that of either of the two preceding years. It remains to be seen what effect the new tariff will have on the revenue. Bearing in mind the outcome of the last high Protectionist tariff, we are afraid Mr. Dingley will be disappointed if he still thinks his Act will bring about the much-desired balance as between national incomings and national outgoings.

Last month's trade returns are even less satisfactory than those of May. The explanation offered is that the figures suffer from the interruptions offered to business by the Whitsuntide holidays (which in 1896 fell in May, though that fact did not receive much prominence last month) and by the Jubilee festivities. In imports we have a further increase of £1,092,554 (equivalent to 3·1 per cent.), as compared with June 1896, making a total rise for the six months of £8,932,211; and in exports we have a further decrease of £1,470,064 (equivalent to 7·1 per cent.), making a net falling off for the six months of £1,735,228. In the half-year's imports the chief increases are £4,655,615 in free and dutiable foods and drinks, £2,644,410 in manufactured articles, and £1,319,781 in sundry raw materials. The only heavy decrease in exports for the six months is £3,689,780 under the head of yarns and textile fabrics, from which it appears that not even the heavy shipments of woollen and worsted, linen and jute goods to America were sufficient to counterbalance the heavy falling off in exports of cottons to India. The only other categories which show a diminution are apparel and miscellaneous articles. But can an increase of £903,621 in a half-year's exports of raw materials be regarded as satisfactory?

However, it is satisfactory to note that British trade is holding its own against the German in the Japanese markets. Sir Ernest Satow's report, issued this week, states that the value of our exports last year was £10,039,483 (out of a total of £18,776,896), against £2,334,557 for China, £1,879,494 for Germany, and £1,790,842 for the United States; and the value of our imports £3,961,560 (out of a total of £12,766,300), against £3,416,004 for America, £2,061,300 for France, £1,497,584 for China, and £321,982 for Germany. As compared with 1895, British exports rose by 2 per cent., and constituted 36 per cent. of the whole, as against 10 per cent. for Germany, or an increase of 1 per cent. A singular feature is that imports from the United States went up by 84 per cent., but to offset this there was a decrease of over 40 per cent. in the exports to that country.

Japanese export trade with China increased by 50 per cent., the increase being almost entirely in cotton yarns—a development for which India must eventually suffer. In this connexion it is noteworthy that the imports of spinning machinery rose by 60 per cent., and that the number of spindles now owned in Japan is something like 1,300,000, which last year earned a profit of three dollars each. What would Lancashire give for such a return as this?

When the "Curiosities of Company-promoting" comes to be written the writer will no doubt mention the case of B. Dubowski & Sons, Limited. This concern was floated during the past week, but no serious criticism of its prospectus is called for, because it appears that the directors and their friends had applied beforehand for more than the whole working capital, and that the prospectus was advertised only for the purpose of complying with the requirements of the Stock Exchange. The point to which we would draw attention as a decided curiosity in its way is the statement bearing upon the profits of the Company. The Messrs. Dubowski, it appears, have been too much occupied with the development of their business—which is that of grocers, Italian warehousemen, &c., in the East End of London—to pay attention to such a trifling detail as the keeping of a proper set of books. Therefore "it is impossible to prepare a statement of the profits with mathematical accuracy." The directors have put their own chartered accountants on to such books as there are, and they tell us that, "making somewhat larger deductions than other accountants, they have put the profits at £15,870 15s. 6d. for three years, showing an annual profit of £5,290 5s. 2d. per annum, which the directors consider may be safely accepted." On the strength of such an assurance as this they are willing (with their friends) to take up all the capital.

There can be no doubt that the management of Schweppe's leaves a great deal to be desired. Our readers will see from a letter that we publish in the columns apportioned to correspondence that the demand for Schweppe's soda-water has outstripped the supply. This is a singular state of things and out of keeping with the time; but the explanation of it is not far to seek. The promotion of the business by Mr. Hooley, and the enormous advertisement that ensued, have recalled the intrinsic merits of Schweppe's to thousands. It is admittedly the best soda-water made; but no business can stand such mismanagement as is charged against the directors of Schweppe. Mr. Kemp Welch, it appears, is mainly responsible for this, but the shareholders could surely give him a young and energetic colleague who would quickly remove the stigma. Were Schweppe's as well managed as Apollinaris it is certain that its profits would be as large; but alas! Mr. Kemp Welch is not Mr. Steinkopf. One genial contemporary declares that Mr. Kemp Welch devotes more time and thought to his tin church at Ascot than he spends on Schweppe's. The shareholders do not share this amiable peculiarity of the managing director, and so a change will have to be made, and the sooner the better.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

THE DARTFORD BREWERY COMPANY.

This Company, formed to acquire the brewery business of Miller & Aldworth, Limited, at Dartford, appears with a share capital of £120,000, which is offered for public subscription in the shape of £60,000 Five and a Half per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares at £5 each (at a premium of 10s. per share), and a similar amount in Ordinary shares of £5 each (at par). In addition there is an issue of £110,000 Four per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock. It appears that the certified value of the undertaking is £198,497 4s. 2d., which includes a sum of £5,000 as extra working capital provided from this issue. We should like to know what is to become of the rest of the large sum for which the public is now asked. The profits appear fair. Last year they amounted to £12,470, against £11,208 in 1895 and £8,748 in 1894. Interest on Debentures and Preference shares will absorb £7,700.

which leaves, on the basis of the 1896 profits, £4,770 for directors' fees and the payment of an ordinary dividend. If the aggregate profit continues to go up the Ordinary shareholders will do well enough; but if it goes down they will not, and the margin in their favour is not generous.

KENT COAL.

The appearance of yet another Company for the exploitation of the coalfields of Kent requires some explanation. Three or four concerns with a similar object and rather heavily capitalized have already been floated, and so far have done nothing, or next to nothing. The latest addition to the number—the Kent Coal, Finance, and Development Company—considers that its objects are good enough for the investment of a round quarter of a million. It accordingly appeals for £249,000 in £1 shares, the remaining £1,000 (called "B" shares) being allotted to the promoter to provide for all expenses and outlay up to allotment. Four out of the five directors are on the board of one or other of the Kent Coal Companies—an arrangement which rather suggests a family party. We should advise investors to have nothing to do with Kent coal and those who have a desire to exploit it until the existing companies have done something, however little, to justify their existence.

THE "DUKERIES" RAILWAY.

The prospects of the new Lancashire, Derbyshire and East Coast Railway (the main section of which was opened in March last) are so good, the board is so strong, and the working agreement with the Great Eastern is so beneficial to the one as well as to the other, that its capital is well worth holding as an investment. This week we have had an issue of £350,000 Five per Cent. Second Preference shares of £10 each, which are offered to the public at a premium of 10s. per share. On completion of the present issue the capital of the Company will stand at £2,566,650. The First Preference shares are quoted at 11-12 premium. The railway is essentially a coal line, and has been constructed to develop the coalfields of the hitherto inviolate "Dukeries" district. It already has connexions with collieries having an annual output of 3½ million tons, and we are promised an increase to 10 million tons in "a very few years" by the opening up of new mines. The Great Eastern has £250,000 of the Company's capital, and its chairman and general manager are on the directorate.

THE LONDON ROAD CAR.

The London Road Car Company's offer of £60,000 as a first issue of redeemable Four per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture stock at a premium of £5 for every £100 of stock may be worth accepting by those who are content with a fair return for a fair risk; but we see no reason for the premium. The Company is a good industrial undertaking, no doubt, and its dividend last year was 7½ per cent. But it does not enjoy a monopoly, and a run of bad luck might very appreciably affect its earnings. It must be remembered, too, that the directors have the right, which they will probably exercise, to issue further Debenture stock, to rank *pari passu* with this, to the amount of half their paid-up capital. Still, last year's earnings were £36,773, and the annual charge for interest on the present issue will not exceed £2,400, so that a respectable margin is left.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FLYING MACHINES NEXT CENTURY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

JUNIOR CARLTON CLUB, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

28 June, 1897.

SIR,—As I notice you have of late published various matters on the subject of Mechanical Flight, it may possibly be of some interest to have the prognostications of one who has studied the subject for some fifteen years, and who is absolutely convinced that the practical aviation of the air, upon a commercial basis, is now only a matter of a very short space of time.

Let me suggest one or two facts, with the object of dispelling the last doubts of those who still disbelieve in the possibility of as safely travelling through the air as we now travel by land and sea, simply because they have neither the time nor the inclination to give the subject their attention. We now know as a fact that engines can be constructed which, in proportion to their weight, contain and exert very much greater force than birds. We know that the bird by exerting its force in the direction in which Nature demands is thereby capable of flight. I therefore contend that a machine capable of exerting proportionately greater force than a bird, and exerting its force in the direction in which Nature demands of the birds in their flight, is also capable of flight. The question thus resolves itself into, whether or not man can discover the correct direction in which to apply the mechanical force we are now capable of producing? Without wishing to appear presumptuous, I cannot refrain from saying that I am quite convinced I have discovered the correct direction in which to apply the force, and it is only a question of the completion of the design and construction of the mechanical parts that delays success. And it cannot be long before first-class engineers decide to give the subject their attention, and they will find that to design and construct air-cars will not be a difficult matter to them, if they will throw aside all preconceived ideas as to navigating the air by balloons, or propellers with a horizontal thrust, as used by steamships in water. The balloonists are fast becoming exterminated as regards the idea of practical aviation, and so also will those who try to treat the air as a similar element to water; for this fact must be apparent to all who have really studied the flight of birds—namely, that no bird (taking, as an instance, the albatross) thrusts itself through the air in any way that is at all similar to that of a fish thrusting itself through the water, any more than a bird is supported and floats in the air as a balloon which rises and is supported by being lighter than the air it displaces. First, we will have a clumsy machine which may be likened to the first little paddle steam-tug, and it will probably be designed to carry about twenty passengers at a speed of say 100 miles an hour; then you may look for the development of that clumsy little air-car, and in a very few years time the original air-car will bear as much resemblance to the air-liner of the future as the little paddle steam-tug bears now to such vessels as the "Campania" and those of her class. It may sound absurd, but most of us will live to see the various air-liners gliding from country to country at a speed of at least 300 miles an hour, whilst local cars will call at the various depôts bringing hundreds to and from the great cities. Of course, there will be proper depôts, huge platforms, or open spaces whence the air-cars will start and where they will arrive. You can take a penny steamboat down the river now, but you must get off at a pier, and so when you take the shilling air-car from Brighton to the City, you will have to get off, say, at the Bank Depôt, and need not expect to be let down at your office window. Small depôts where one or two local cars may rest at the same time, and deposit or take up their passengers, will doubtless in crowded parts of cities take the form of high platforms, something similar to the uncompleted tower at Wembley Park, which has an area of an acre at the top; and these will interfere very slightly with the houses and offices below, probably not as much as the underground railways do at present, whilst any village green, or convenient open space, may be made to serve as a country depôt, and correspond to the local railway station of the present day. Then, again, there will be larger depôts for the long-distance cars where they may rest in readiness for perhaps an hour or so before the starting time whilst being loaded with mails, parcels, passengers and their personal luggage, nor will it be long before perishable goods are carried by air. These larger depôts may be located some distance from cities, and beside the starting and arrival spaces have large sheds in the vicinity, into which the air-cars will be run for shelter, cleaning or repair, when not in use, much as at the docks for ocean-going vessels, which necessarily are not placed at our doors. And as we now have to go to the point of departure by carriage, by rail, or by smaller steamboat,

so will we then proceed to the larger cars by local means, and probably, after taking one's ticket at the office, be run up alongside our particular air-liner in luxurious tramcars, and thus be able to reach our destination without the use of umbrella even in rainy weather. The chances of collision in the wide expanse of the air, where you may pass under, and over, as well as to right or left, will be far less than on a line of rails or on the ocean, although no doubt accidents will happen even in the best regulated air-cars. Of course it won't do to open any windows in front or imagine you can go for a stroll on deck, as there will be no more deck accommodation than there is on the top of an express train, and to open a window in front would be worse than raising your bedroom window in the teeth of a gale. There need be no more fear about ventilation or asphyxiation (unless you get outside) than there now is inside an express train, and this it seems was one of the fears of high-speed railway travelling fifty years ago.

One more prognostication as to the prevention of aerial warfare—for all admit such a calamity is even too terrible to contemplate; and as the first nation to succeed in conquering the air will literally have the upper hand in obtaining control of the great highway, by constructing a few war air-cars and prohibiting the construction by other nations of similar engines of death, let us sincerely hope, trust, and be determined that the British Empire shall be the first to succeed. I trust if you will publish this letter it may have some small effect in waking up the English capitalist, for what would a few thousands spent on the perfection of the air-car be in comparison to the losses he may expect should any other nation be the first to succeed, and get the upper hand of us? They most assuredly will if we with our usual apathy ignore the fact that the flying-machine is coming, and coming soon, if it has not already come.—Yours faithfully,

GEORGE L. O. DAVIDSON.

THE REAL SHERIDAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

THE ATHENÆUM, LONDON, 27 June, 1897.

SIR,—Lord Dufferin, who is eager to rehabilitate Richard Brinsley Sheridan (his ancestor on his mother's side), recently announced in a speech at St. Martin's Town Hall that some four distinguished persons who had known Sheridan had spoken to him "with admiration and respect" of Sheridan's character. These were the great Duke of Wellington, the old Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, and Mrs. Tom Sheridan. No doubt these personages, some twenty or thirty years after Sheridan's death, may have uttered some compliments of a conventional sort; but their genuine official opinion was of a different complexion, and they are the most unlucky witnesses that Lord Dufferin could have called. In Lord Stanhope's interesting record of the Duke's conversations with him, the Duke related that once in the House of Commons he was called on by Sheridan to define the word "stranger" used in some Bill. "I then," said the Duke, "read out a clause in which 'stranger' was defined to be, *just such a man as Sheridan was known to be*, a fellow without property, whom nobody knows and who lives by his wits." Which proves not only what the Duke's appreciation was, but what was that of his hearers. He also described Sheridan as hiring a house in Bruton Street, the landlord of which could get neither rent nor house from his tenant, Sheridan refusing to pay or to give up his tenancy. As a last resource the landlord took the roof off, and thus drove out his tenant. Lord Dufferin will say that this is one of the manufactured stories "that accumulate round the reputation of a man of genius." But the Duke was told this story by Mrs. Sheridan herself! It is, indeed, quite plain from the tone of his language that he had but a poor, if not a contemptuous, opinion of the man.

Next for Lord Lansdowne. Moore tried to extract something interesting or favourable from him, but was only told that "his own opinion of Sheridan, *which was very low*," was formed principally on the still lower opinion of Fox. Moore, it may be said, suppressed or softened most of the damaging things that were told

him. Lord John Russell, Lord Dufferin's third witness, has a note to his Life and Letters of Moore, in which he writes, "It is melancholy to reflect that the possessor of such talents should in mere wantonness have thrown away the influence," &c.—i.e. had so completely lost his credit. Lastly, Lord Dufferin calls Mrs. Tom Sheridan, his grandmother, to testify "the respect and admiration" with which her father-in-law was regarded. Speaking to Mr. Moore, who refrained from using her damaging testimony, she praised Sheridan's great good nature—which was always shown "*where no object of his own interfered*"; when this object took pecuniary shape "under the alarm of any pressure or inconvenience from want of money, *he would not hesitate at any means for procuring it.*" This candid and flattering character was given him by one who had opportunities of knowing. Thus do Lord Dufferin and his biographer not only shut their eyes to the truth, but with a strange rashness actually appeal to the very witnesses who dispose of their rhetoric. It is, indeed, no exaggeration to say that hardly a single respectable man of Sheridan's contemporaries is found to mention him without reproach or a pitying contempt; all the while admitting his brilliant wasted talents.—I am, &c.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

MILITARY TITLES FOR ARMY MEDICAL OFFICERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

June, 1897.

SIR,—Being in India one is at a disadvantage; for any reply to an article or letter necessarily reaches you so long after the original as to allow people to forget its subject. "An Army Surgeon of Thirty Years' Service" must permit a Lieut.-Colonel of thirty years' service to differ from his views and statements. I believe there is no general desire on the part of army doctors to be called by swashbuckling military titles. The cry is a fictitious one raised by a Hibernian element from Cork. All the claptrap about commanding officers and men is sophistry. The facts simply are these: a doctor's business is to mend men's bones, to heal their bodies, and to minister to their ailments. The army officer's business is the direct opposite (no matter whether he is in the cavalry, artillery, engineers, infantry, commissariat and what not); his duty is to destroy men's lives and bodies. All the education, drill and command are but means to that one end. The title bestowed upon those who lead national manslayers denote functions connected with making war—i.e. with death-dealing. An army doctor's title should distinguish him at once from all such, and betray him to be a man of peace, a succourer of the suffering and a healer of disease. Why on earth Hibernian medicos who have found their way into the army medical profession should desire to pose as manslayers is a mystery explainable only on the supposition that they have lost all sense of humour; or is it that as, unfortunately for the army, they do not shine as healers of disease or as menders of injuries, they admit what every one in the army has long known, and are now desirous of publicly being known as men-killers instead of men-healers?—Yours faithfully,

EXPERIENCE.

THE MYSTERY OF SCHWEPPE'S.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 6 July.

SIR,—What spirit is guiding or misguiding the management of this business?

I sent to my grocer for some Schweppe's and he brought some other soda-water. I sent it back, and again something else came. I sent this back, and again I got something else. Then I went myself to the grocer's, and he says "I have ordered Schweppe's and done my best to get it, but I cannot get it."

This seems strange in the nineteenth century.

Is there no remedy?

A SHAREHOLDER IN SCHWEPPE'S
WHO WANTS TO DRINK SCHWEPPE'S.

[A paragraph dealing with this will be found in Money Matters.—ED.]

REVIEWS.

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

"The Diamond Jubilee." An Ode. By Sir Lewis Morris, Knight. London: Kegan Paul. 1897.

REJOICE! give thanks! for Mr. Gladstone's knight,
Who used to thrill the Nonconformist ladies
With Epics fresh from Hades,
Comes forth again to-day for our delight
With lyric blatherskite.
Lo! sweet Sir Lewis Morris of Penbryn,
In fitful verses thin,
Would soar where plaintive Austin pads the ground;
Nor academic Courthope fears,
Nor lorn Le Gallienne's tears,
But easily outshines
Even Theodore Watts-Dunton of the Pines,
And vaults the Holy Hill with brisk elastic bound.

Great Bard, whose unintoxicating voice
Hath cheered so many a Cambrian bosom rude
With tender platitude,
Come, tell us all about the Jubilee!
Hadst thou a place whence thou could'st clearly see
Those pretty sights that make the Muse rejoice,
Unmarred by tricky boys,—
Boys that disturb a bard's fond reverie?
Saw'st thou the Premiers, one by one, drive by,
And dost thou see them still with fancy's eye,
And hear the rumbling horse-artillery?
The violet Papal Nuncio did'st thou scan,
And the bland Chinaman,
And Captain Ames whose helmet smote the sky?
Ah! yes, for future ages
Thy finger writes it on these storied pages,
In straggling metre like a lullaby.

And wast thou very much impressed?
Thou wast; and in thy Ode it stands confessed—
The Ode before us now, in which, indeed,
Thy style is (as we humbly beg to state),
Though loyally immaculate,
Extremely difficult to imitate,
But oh! so much more difficult to read.

We are afraid thou may'st not like
This way of noticing thy Ode;
But, should it reach thy Cambrian chaste abode,
Hie with it swiftly on thy sumptuous bike,
Far up the winding dim Carmarthen road,
And in thy Druid forests read the dread review,—
O read, before thou strike!
Still wilt thou hear, through all, the voice of Fate
Proclaim "Thou shalt be great!"
(Much of this latter language, it is due
To thy pure Muse to add, is true,
Untampered-with and genuine Lewis Morris;)
And many a shade of ancient time
And many a poetaster once sublime,
Shall gather round, murmuring pathetic stories;
And tears shall flow from orbits blind,
And ghostly lips console thee, whispering kind
"Never you mind!"

THE FOREIGNER IN THE FARMYARD.

"The Foreigner in the Farmyard." By Ernest E. Williams, Author of "Made in Germany." London: Heinemann. 1897.

MR. WILLIAMS'S new book will not soothe the feelings of those whom he shocked a year ago by the vigour of his first assault on the idols of the Cobdenite faith. In "The Foreigner in the Farmyard," as in "Made in Germany," he is vehement, aggressive, thoroughgoing, and the hard-shell Free-traders will find once more that it will not do for them simply to throw up their hands in horror and call down the judgments of Heaven on the blasphemer. From end to end this little book is packed with facts and figures of the most conclusive kind, all pointing to the steady and increasing ruin of our agriculture. Mr. Williams has the knack of putting his facts in such a way that the most careless reader cannot fail to have his attention arrested,

and that is in itself a great point gained, for the present generation has a feeling of dull security on these subjects, from which it can only be roused by a shock.

There are those no doubt who will boldly say they don't care: English agriculture is doomed to disappear—so much the better, the good foreigner will feed us cheaper than we can feed ourselves, and when the sacred word "cheap" is said, all is said. One distinguished gentleman, "a writer on industrial subjects" (we think we could guess his name), has assured the author that he is "more than indifferent" to the fate of English agriculture, and he is positively anxious for its destruction, for English land is "too valuable to be wasted on agriculture." But this kind of out-and-out Cobdenite has now become a rare specimen of an almost extinct race, the larger class will be content to go back to the faith of Burke, and to hold that when agriculture languishes there can be no national health. "In every country the first creditor is the plough. This original, indefeasible claim supersedes every other demand." And when the proof is clear that, not only in bread-stuffs, but in butter, eggs, cheese, meat, fruit, sugar and vegetables we are being driven out of our own markets; when in every detail the "original, indefeasible claim" of agriculture is being denied, and the population dependent on agriculture is being driven abroad or into the slums of our cities by lack of pence to buy even the "cheap loaf" with which the foreigner supplies us, then we fancy the average citizen will begin to see that the cheapness may have been bought dear.

Going into details, it is hardly necessary to speak of grain-growing. The extent of cultivation and the price of the product have both fallen, while the foreign import has risen. Sir Robert Peel's estimate of home-grown wheat in 1842 was 22,000,000 quarters, the foreign import being under 3,000,000 quarters. In 1895 the home growth had shrunk enormously, while the imports of wheat and wheat-flour reached the enormous total of 107,000,000 quarters! In meat the collapse has not yet been so disastrous, but the tendency is unmistakable when we find that, whereas in the later 'sixties each Briton consumed on an average 91·81 lbs. of home-grown meat and 8·96 lbs. of foreign, he now gets 43·44 lbs. of foreign meat to 79·51 of home. Of the rapidly increasing total foreign countries, properly speaking, send us over 8,000,000 cwt. and the colonies 2,000,000 cwt. Prices have, of course, fallen at the same time for the meat in bulk, although we do not find that the butchers' retail prices have fallen in proportion or at all. Step by step Mr. Williams takes us through the Dairy, the Orchard and the Poultry Run, and everywhere confronts us with the same facts—a declining home product and a rapidly increasing import from abroad. What the effect of this is on our rural population it is needless to say. Our manufacturing ascendancy still conceals from those who simply count by totals the full effect of the movement; but as we know that a movement in many respects similar is going on in manufactures, it is clear that a remedy must at once be sought.

Mr. Williams's main remedy, needless to say, is Protection. Through the book "Protection stalks prominently, naked and unashamed," as he boasts in his preface. We cannot help thinking that this is to a certain extent a tactical mistake, for if rigid Protection, amounting in certain cases to exclusion, be adopted, the many valuable chapters which are devoted to such topics as cheapened transport, agricultural co-operation, cheap credit and improved methods generally are quite overshadowed and lose their actuality. The strongest ground to take is that English agriculture wishes to be put in no position of exceptional favour; but simply claims fair play—claims that the foreigner shall not be unduly favoured, as Mr. Williams gives us abundant evidence is the case at present. But Mr. Williams also establishes the unfortunate fact that large numbers of English farmers are obstinate, bigoted, reactionary to an amazing degree, and refuse to adapt themselves to altered circumstances. Now if we approach such a class, offering them, on the one hand, "Protection naked and unashamed," and on the other a large assortment of good advice on the subject of improved methods, they will take Protection and

leave the improved methods alone, whereby the friends of agriculture are exposed to the taunts of the Free-trader, who triumphantly says that you are taxing the bulk of our population to subsidize bad farming. English farmers have shown that, properly guided, they become the best wheat-growers in the world; we want to see the same process applied to the dairy, the orchard, and the poultry-yard. Ascertain the amount of undue favouritism bestowed on the foreigner in all these branches, and meet his products on arrival with an equivalent countervailing duty—it would not be over 5 per cent. *ad valorem*—and then let the best man win. By that means you will put some heart into our farmers and encourage them to meet competition.

The great central fact to which we must always come back is that English agriculture is to-day £500,000,000 poorer than in 1880. That Free-trade largely contributed to the collapse, and that it still more largely tends to make recovery impossible, we believe to be true. But from Mr. Williams's own figures it is clear that it was not the sole cause, and this is a point we should have liked to see discussed by him, for we have never yet seen anything approaching an adequate explanation. On p. 5 we have the average prices of wheat in 1845 and 1846 given at 50s. 10d. and 54s. 8d. respectively. In 1895 it had fallen, as we all know, to 22s. 10d. But the fall has not been uniform. In 1877 it still stood at 36s. 6d., and then came the *débâcle*. In 1878 it was 46s. 5d., in 1879 43s. 10d., and so on till our miserable 22s. 10d. is reached. We know that steam, railways, electricity and other things have all contributed to the fall, but these did not suddenly come into operation in 1877-78. It is probably true that on the average English agriculture was more rather than less prosperous in the thirty years between 1846 and 1876, than in the thirty between the great war and 1845. How came it that the foreigner was full thirty years in rising to the situation? The Crimean War, the American Civil War, and the Franco-German War will probably account for a great deal, but surely not for all.

For readers who are not politicians by far the most interesting and important part of Mr. Williams's book is contained in the four or five chapters in which he discusses those practical remedies which, apart from Protection, lie in our own hands, and it will sound curious to those who have not followed the co-operative movement in Ireland during the last five years to find that country repeatedly held up as an example to Great Britain in such matters as dairying and bacon-curing. It is no less than justice that this should be acknowledged, and that Mr. Horace Plunkett and Mr. R. A. Anderson and the others who have started and carried forward the most hopeful movement of the century in Ireland, should have a word of acknowledgment. But we should fill many columns if we were only to touch upon the numerous topics of interest discussed by Mr. Williams. His book is a most valuable and suggestive one, and will, we are sure, have a wide circulation.

IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

"Imperial Defence." By the Right Hon. Sir Charles Dilke and Spenser Wilkinson. New Edition. London: Constable. 1897.

WE welcome the new edition of this invaluable book, which, with its lucid statement of the essential facts of our position in case of war, ought to be of special use at this period of well-meaning but not always well-informed patriotic effervescence. Perhaps the first thing that strikes a reader on looking again into the introduction is the advance that has been made in popular sentiment since it was first published little more than five years ago. Even the most advanced Radical would not dream in 1897 of arguing seriously the question whether it was morally right to take an interest in such things as war and Imperial defence or of devoting a page to the discussion of the fatuous remark of Mr. Cobden, that at some future election we may probably see the test of "no foreign politics applied to those who offer to become the representative of free constituencies." The connexion between "freedom" and allowing one-

self to be kicked by the first comer does not grow more obvious as the century wears out. "Sentimentality," as our authors put it, "is a convenient cloak for a great deal of lax thought and moral weakness. If there is no more noble character than the strong man who under bitter insult and wrong is constrained by a high sense of duty to turn his cheek to the smiter, there is none so contemptible as the coward who endeavours to conceal his impotence by parading his humility."

There is a passage occupying less than half a dozen pages in this same introduction which we regard as a model of concise reasoning, and as the fallacy therein demolished still does duty in the morning papers and in the House of Commons as occasion serves, it seems worth calling attention to. Whenever we have a dispute with a great Power, at Penjdeh, on the Newfoundland coast, or the Niger, or elsewhere, we first talk very big, then we make a show of preparing for a conflict, then we discover that "after all the greatest of British interests is peace," and agree to split the difference or to have recourse to arbitration, or veil our surrender under some other convenient formula. The fallacy with which we delude ourselves is that the avoidance of war is an end in itself, and yet a moment's reflection will show that peace in its proper sense cannot be secured by a policy which adopts it as its supreme end, for the simple reason that there can be no limit to such concessions. A foreign Government has only to avoid raising any great question in its final form, but rather to push it forward in the shape of a number of small aggressions; on each in turn we yield because it is "not worth fighting for," and in the end the foreign Power has got what it wanted. The instance chosen is that of the French aggression on Newfoundland on the fishery question. That was a flagrant, almost an avowed, piece of "bluff," and yet, to the chagrin and disgust of Newfoundland, we yielded, not because we ever pretended that the claim was a just one, but because, as Lord Knutsford said in the House of Lords, with the cordial acquiescence of Lord Kimberley—deep calling unto deep—"If the French insisted on their claims the question could only be settled by war, and this country might be assured that war would not be sanctioned on such a question until after diplomacy had said its last word." The doctrine, as our writers simply remark, amounts to an abdication of rights in consequence of a threat, to a declaration that the British Government will always yield upon any claims the refusal of which might conceivably lead to war. It is not war as a wicked thing from which we shrink, as witness various "little" wars in Africa and elsewhere, but from war as a dangerous thing. The policy of surrender disguised under the name of arbitration is founded, in a word, not upon justice, but upon fear.

We have no intention of summarizing the six short chapters in which our strength on sea, at home, and on the North-West Frontier of India is analysed. Those who take an intelligent interest in the subject, and who are not familiar with the line of thought and argument adopted, should make themselves masters of the contents of this little book without delay. Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson are not, it is needless to say, to be classed with the professional alarmists who perennially clamour for more millions to spend on gold lace and red-tape; and yet they insist on certain vital defects which, if not seen in time, may when the crisis comes involve disaster. As regards the navy, we are short of men in almost all branches: we have not a sufficient number even to man the ships at the start, and we have no proper reserve to provide for the inevitable wastage and loss in time of war. The increasing preponderance of foreigners in our merchant marine renders that a broken reed on which to trust in an emergency. For the land forces we have abundance of men available for Imperial defence—nearly a million all told; but there is outside India an utter lack of organization. Not a single arm of the service is efficient, the proof of which is that we cannot send a brigade of Artillery to the Cape or half a dozen battalions to Egypt without disorganizing the whole machine by depleting the rest of the army in order to bring that little handful up to its proper strength in horses and men. The so-called "short service" system has broken

down for one thing. It is not really short service, but a hybrid between short and long, and it possesses the vices of both. It is long enough to destroy the civilian and not long enough to produce the thoroughly seasoned soldier. The modifications suggested are given in outline on pp. 153-55, and they still hold the field as the most ingenious and yet practical proposals that have been made to remedy an admitted evil. The War Office, of course, makes no sign; but surely, sooner or later, a body of members from both sides of the House will be formed to force this question on the attention of the officials. If it was made a standing order that no member should be allowed to vote on military or naval matters until he had passed an examination in "Imperial Defence," there would soon be a marked change in the tone of debate on "Service" nights.

THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS.

"The King of the Mountains." Translated from the French. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. London: Heinemann. 1897.

IT was a happy idea, now that the poor, silly Greeks are once more prominent in the eyes of Europe, to resuscitate the amusing novel in which About satirized them with so hard a hand in the days of their King Otho. The author of "*Le Roi des Montagnes*" visited Greece in 1851, entering the French school in Athens, and quitting it in 1853. He was twenty-three years of age when he arrived—a susceptible and also an observant time of life. He was poor, cheerful and active, and he lodged in a Greek family which sympathized with brigands, just as Herr Hermann Schultz boarded in the amiable house of Christodoulos. He had ample opportunity of observing Hellenic manners and peculiarities, and, laughing philosopher as he was, he took notes which served him, on his return to France, for his earliest publication, "*La Grèce Contemporaine*." This work was received with shouts of laughter in Paris and muttered curses in Athens. "The author," says Mr. Lang, "would have been less safe in Greece than M. Daudet in Tarascon."

Edmond About was not abashed by the Athenian criticism of his book; he wrote another, in which he doubled his offence. As is "*American Notes*" to "*Martin Chuzzlewit*," so is "*La Grèce Contemporaine*" to "*Le Roi des Montagnes*." In each case the satire, by being projected from the barrel of fiction, makes a great deal louder noise and does much more damage. This time outraged Greece could merely wrap its face in its fustina, and scream. Unfortunately for the gallant little nation, when indignation was at its height, and Patriotis Pseptis and his like were assuring the world that the stories about protected brigandage were absolute nonsense, Edmond About's allegations were justified to the full, and more than justified, by the disgraceful massacre at Marathon. The circumstances of this famous crime, which produced an immense sensation throughout Europe, were signally identical with those imagined by About for his romance. The sequel, however, was more horrible than he had made it. In "*The King of the Mountains*" Mrs. and Miss Simon and Mr. Schultz are betrayed into the hands of the brigands, but they escape; in the real history the English tourists could produce no ransom, and were cruelly murdered.

But this was too much, even for Greece. Pressure was brought on the Athenian Government and the murderers were shot. In the course of the inquiry the exactitude with which About had observed the character of public feeling and the ingrained venality of the army and the police was proved over and over again. The swaggering beau, Pericles, officer in the King's army and commander of the carabinieri, who is sent to hunt down the brigands and free the hostages, and who really has no thought but how best to share the booty of the former and to rob the latter, was held, when the book appeared, to be a cruel libel. But the Greek army was found to swarm with Pericleses. The horror at Marathon, fortunately, brought matters to a crisis, and the King, who meant no harm, but had little power over his people, was permitted to put a stop to the scandal of organized and half-official brigandage.

The romance of Edmond About, then, has a certain historical value. It was written by a man who had thoroughly studied the seamy side of modern Greece at a moment when the majority of European readers regarded the little country through a veil of voluptuous sentiment. People thought indulgently of brigands; they were cousins-german to Byron's romantic ghouls and bandits—dark-eyed, languishing fellows, as brave as lions, as tender as turtle-doves. About showed that they were cruel, dirty and vulgar, without courage or gallantry, and exercised solely by the commercial instinct. It was a terrible shock to the young ladies of Western Europe, especially as he did not spare the thick waists, flat noses and broad, coarse feet of the modern "*Maids of Athens*." There is no doubt that his books did good. They shamed the Greeks from several of their worst faults and they laughed the rest of Europe out of a silly illusion. If poor About, whose joyous career was so sadly and so abruptly closed in 1885, had been permitted to live until 1897, he might have discovered fresh sentimentalities and have diverted us with another romance of modern Greece.

To this new translation, which is easy and fluent (although "*monogram*" for "*monograph*" is an unfortunate slip), Mr. Lang prefixes one of his introductions. It reads exactly like a leader in the "*Daily News*," and runs to about the same length. We conjecture that it took Mr. Lang forty-five or perhaps fifty minutes to write it, and that he has never given himself time to read it through. "*Practices* which kept their following always in military *practice*" is a phrase not worthy of so elegant a writer. But Mr. Lang is the most entertaining of improvisadores, and in this short compass he manages to say a number of really amusing things. No doubt he is right in saying that in the last century persons were captured at Hampstead and held to ransom, but we do not recall the instances. The parallels which Mr. Lang draws between Greek and Highland brigandage are exceedingly curious, and he suggests a real excuse, which had not occurred to About, when he remarks that "*Kleptdom*, like Highland cattle-stealing or Border moss-trooping, was the nurse of soldiers." It is the fact, although we know that it will hardly be credited, that Mr. Lang abstains through eight pages from mentioning the name of Sir Walter Scott, and altogether this preface is an agreeable specimen of his journalism.

MADOX BROWN.

"Ford Madox Brown: a Record of his Life and Work." By Ford M. Hueffer. London and New York: Longmans. 1896.

JAMES SMETHAM, a painter and writer, whom some remarkable letters have within the last few years recalled to memory, once observed that, "if we wished by a single question to sound the depth of a man's mind and capacity for the judgment of works of pure imagination, we know of none we should be so content to put as this one, 'What think you of William Blake?'" Certainly, if we wished to sound the depth of a man's mind and capacity for a judgment of that phase of English art in which Rossetti indisputably appears as the greatest figure, there is none we should be so content to put as this: "What think you of Ford Madox Brown?" A critic of repute recently expressed his inability to distinguish in kind between the work of Madox Brown and the work of Mr. Frith. Had that critic lived a hundred years ago, he would, no doubt, have confessed his inability to distinguish in kind between the designs of William Blake and the designs of Henry Fuseli. One would have thought that only a very moderate measure of insight was necessary to distinguish between the naturalism of such a picture as Madox Brown's "*Work*" and the naturalism of such a picture as Mr. Frith's "*Derby Day*." It was Madox Brown's lot always to be misunderstood, except by a few friends, whose opinion in the matter, after all, was of more value than that of the rest of the world put together. Indeed, the most significant utterance on Madox Brown's art is, even in a life as sympathetic and appreciative as Mr. Hueffer's, relegated to a foot-note on p. 416:—"In a letter to Mr. Shields, written in 1876,

Madox Brown angrily and reiteratively insists that his works are all 'essentially sensuous' and not 'intellectual.' If we would disentangle and detach those traits in painting which essentially distinguish it, as a fine art, from all other forms of fine art, we shall find them to consist in certain qualities of sensuousness which appeal to the eye, in the same way as the odour of a flower appeals to the sense of smell, or the flavour of a fine wine to the sense of taste. The art of Giorgione at once occurs to us as the type of the painter's art in this special and peculiar aspect; work in which the ostensible subject goes for so little, and in which form, colour, and the actual handling of the paint or medium that makes up the picture, occurs as the various expression of an emotion too subtle and complex to be conveyed by any precise intellectual presentation. In a picture by Mr. Frith, on the other hand, the ostensible subject of the picture—"The Derby Day," let us say—goes for everything; and the form, colour, and whatever "handling" the picture may possess, express nothing beyond the precise intellectual presentation of the subject. That is, the art of the illustrator, in contradistinction to the art of the poet, or creator, in painting: and as we look back at the history of art, we find that there has been as great a wealth of capable illustrators as there has been a lack of true poets or creators in painting. But midway between the supreme artist and the mere illustrator come the greater number of famous names in the history of painting—nearly all the greatest names in the history of Florentine art, for example—and not a few great names in the history of English art. Among them is the name of Ford Madox Brown.

But let us turn for a moment to examine the influences that went to form the man and his work. Born at Calais, in 1821, Madox Brown learned the rudiments of his art in the Belgian school of bitumen and Romanticism, chiefly under Baron Wappers; and afterwards, in 1840, went to Paris, where he studied for several years. Here he began to criticize the methods of painting which he had learned at Antwerp; and the notion occurred to him of lighting his pictures realistically, so that in a measure he anticipated the *Plein Air* school of our own day. Later on, during a journey to Italy, the works of Holbein at Basle, and of the earlier Italian Masters, especially at Florence, Pisa, and Rome, led him to entirely abandon his former notions of painting, and to turn his attention to Naturalism and sincerity of expression. Such were the influences which led Madox Brown to form what his biographer calls his "English style." His wife, for whose health the journey to Italy had been undertaken, died at Paris on their homeward journey: and two years later we find him settled in London, his pictures rejected by the Academy. Disappointed, but not discouraged, he turned to paint the picture which during the following year, 1848, drew from Rossetti the letter which ended in the lifelong friendship of the two men. "Since the first time I ever went to an exhibition," wrote Rossetti, then a student at the Academy, in that memorable though boyish letter, "I have always listened with avidity if your name happened to be mentioned, and rushed first of all to your number in the catalogues. . . . The glorious works you have exhibited have necessarily raised my admiration, and kept me standing in the same spot for fabulous lengths of time." Mr. Holman Hunt has denied the influence which Madox Brown is said to have exercised over the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; but his influence over Rossetti at this time is undeniable, and what better title than such an influence could there be to the style of the "Father of the pre-Raphaelites"? The story of the remainder of Madox Brown's life is one in which the persistent neglect or derision which the painter received, at the hands of the Academy in particular, and the world in general, contrasts strangely with the admiration which he won from such men as Carlyle and Browning. It is worth remarking that the picture "Christ washing Peter's feet," which now hangs in a place of honour in our National Gallery, was sent, in 1852, to the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy and skied "next the ceiling." But the story does not end here; for on "varnishing day," when Sir Francis Grant, who was President at that

time, "came to offer his congratulations (*sic*), Madox Brown, whose eyes had only just fallen on his own picture, turned his back in speechless indignation and walked out of the building." As an artist, Madox Brown was more than justified in what, as a man of the world, was, perhaps, an unnecessary piece of rudeness in him. The Academic body, however, did not forget the insult, and refused to hang even one of Madox Brown's paintings at the Exhibition of Old Masters, immediately after his death. Singly, such incidents may appear of little importance. The admiration of a Browning, or a Rossetti, outlives the censure of an entire Academy: but such slights and aspersions often repeated cannot fail of their effect even on the finest character. Had not Madox Brown's nature been one of great strength and sweetness, these continual discouragements might have left darker traces upon it than periods of gloom and retirement, and what Mr. Hueffer calls "veins of harshness," cropping up "like boulders on a sandy moorland road." When Mr. Hueffer tries to explain such traits in Madox Brown's character by saying "that he had, in fact, a touch of the English Philistine in his composition," the hand becomes too heavy for so delicate a piece of analysis. In Madox Brown, as in Blake, what appeared at times to be a want of urbanity, but what in reality was an intolerance of mediocrity and pretension, came rather from too keen a sense of the light within him than from any touch of the Philistine in his nature. Indeed, the same qualities which made him the enemy of such puppets as Sir Francis Grant, made him the life-long friend of such men as Rossetti. "You," exclaims Rossetti in one of his letters to Madox Brown, "you, whom I regard as so much the most intimate and dearest of my friends, that I might call you by comparison the only one I have." In estimating the art of Madox Brown's latter years, we are apt, perhaps, to exaggerate the influence of Rossetti over him, forgetting the influence which he himself had exercised in earlier years over Rossetti.

Such is the picture of Madox Brown and his art which Mr. Hueffer's book conveys, a picture lovingly and faithfully drawn, yet never wholly revealing the man, never wholly distinguishing him from the crowd of painters among whom he lived and worked—from Rossetti on the one hand, and from Holman Hunt and Sir Edward Burne-Jones on the other. The great creators were ever the best critics. Rossetti, in a letter of 1871, addressed to Madox Brown, tells him "how very excellent I think your drawing in 'Dark Blue,'" a magazine long since dead; adding, "it is like a tenderer kind of Hogarth." And so we might say of every work by Madox Brown; it is like a more romantic, passionate, or tenderer kind of Hogarth. Substitute Hogarth's admiration of the post-Raphaelite Italian painters for Madox Brown's love of the earlier pre-Raphaelite masters; put Hogarth's predilection for the baroque in place of Madox Brown's delight in the Gothic; the academic tastes of the one in place of the romantic vein of the other—mere outward traits, after all, be it observed—and you have a Hogarth in the nineteenth century, now romantic, now passionate or tender; and more thoroughly English, were it possible, than Hogarth himself. Like the elder painter, the younger is entirely engrossed in the portrayal of human character as evidenced in human actions and the story of daily life. We could say of his figures, as Charles Lamb says of Hogarth's, that "they resemble the characters of Chaucer's 'Pilgrims.'" And as in Chaucer and Hogarth, so we may observe in Madox Brown's pictures "those strokes of humour" which in his own case too often prove mere unintelligible grotesques to the world at large. He recalls Hogarth in his dramatic representation of his subject, in his choice of the moment which shall bring out the character of the actors, in the incidents by which he heightens and elaborates the principal action of the scene, and in the human interest which he lends to whatever he paints; but he differs from Hogarth in the passionate intensity with which he presents his designs; and instead of Hogarth's urbane Italianate manner of drawing and colouring, Madox Brown possessed a splendid and Gothic sense of decorative design. This faculty for decoration enabled him to invent some of the finest stained glass which the present century has produced;

the windows of the archangels, for example, in the church of St. Michael and All Angels at Brighton, and the stories from the Legend of St. Oswald, in the church dedicated to that saint at Durham. It is the presence of so many various qualities in Madox Brown's work, qualities which belong in great measure to the art of the illustrator rather than of the painter, as we defined him in the former part of this article, which obscures that element of sensuousness in his pictures. But take such a painting as "The Pretty Baa-Lambs," which was exhibited last year among his pictures at the "Arts and Crafts"; listen how Madox Brown himself wrote of this painting in that characteristic publication, the descriptive catalogue of the exhibition of his works in 1865:—"I was told that it was impossible to make out what *meaning* I had in the picture. At the present moment few people, I trust, will seek for any meaning beyond the obvious one—that is, a lady, a baby, two lambs, a servant maid, and some grass. In all cases pictures must be judged first as pictures—a deep philosophical intention will not make a fine picture, such being rather given in excess of the bargain; and though all epic works of art have this excess, yet I should be much inclined to doubt the genuineness of all artists' ideas who never painted from love of the mere look of things, whose mind was always on the stretch for a moral." Only a critic of that numerous kind which sees little in a picture but their own reflection in the glass could stand before "The Pretty Baa-Lambs" and deny that Madox Brown was a painter "essentially sensuous." But whatever slights of fortune he has suffered during his lifetime or since, the fame of Madox Brown is assured. His masterpieces are already in our public galleries: "Work" is at Manchester; "The Last of England" at Birmingham; "Christ washing Peter's feet" in the National Gallery; and in Mr. Hueffer's biography we have a faithful portrait of a great painter and an amiable personality.

GIANTS' TOMBS.

"The Dolmens of Ireland." By W. C. Borlase.
London: Chapman. 1897.
"Life in Early Britain." By Bertram C. A. Windle.
London: Nutt. 1897.

IT is not wonderful that the folklores and sacred writings of most peoples assert that there were giants in earlier times. There are few parts of the earth in which there have not been found gigantic bones now known to be relics of extinct reptiles, birds, or quadrupeds, but sufficiently human to deceive early philosophers. Moreover, in every known land there occur the rude colossal temples, tombs, or altars which are known as dolmens and cromlechs, the clumsy vastness of which at once suggest that they were the handiwork of Titans. In every combination, in every state of preservation, they occur in Britain, in Ireland, throughout Europe, in the islands of the Mediterranean, in Africa, in Syria, and in India. Sometimes, as at Stonehenge, these megalithic remains are circles of gigantic pillars roofed with slabs; sometimes, as in typical dolmens like "Kit's Coity House," in Kent, they are huts formed of vertical slabs roofed by one or more colossal boulders; sometimes they form elaborately chambered cairns. The common features in all of them are the simplicity of architectural structure which involves no more art than a child uses in building a bridge of bricks, the colossal size and weight of the individual stones. The great dolmen at Saumur, for instance, is 57 feet long by 14 wide, and is roofed completely by three stones each weighing many tons. If one discard the idea that these were the playthings of giants, there remains no very satisfactory theory as to the mechanical devices employed in their construction. In a few cases, indeed, it seems possible that the roofing slabs were originally horizontal, and at the level of the ground it is possible that they might have been undermined gradually, supporting pillars being dragged down to replace the soil beneath them. In most cases the evidence given by the surrounding soil is totally against this theory of formation by undermining. An antiquarian monarch suggested some time ago that inclined

planes of soil were made leading up to the vertical blocks, and that the covering boulders were slowly dragged up into position. Mr. Borlase throws doubt on this theory, suggesting that there is little probability that a rude people would have taken the trouble to conceal effectually all traces of their method of operation by subsequent removal of the artificial planes of soil. It is worth noticing, however, that dolmens almost invariably occur on sloping ground, and the natural position of many of them suggests that not artificial but natural inclined planes have been used in their construction. Mr. Borlase thinks that the great blocks might have been slowly levered up by the trunks of trees, the result of each successive effort being secured by wedging in small stones; and he points to several instances of dolmens possibly abandoned in course of construction, and in which one end of a raised slab is supported by a series of wedged blocks.

The labours of Mr. Borlase for ten years in Ireland have brought to light an astonishing wealth of megalithic remains in that country. The maps of the four provinces which illustrate his volumes are freely sprinkled with red dots placed almost more thickly than the names of towns, and each dot represents a megalithic structure. The first volume and part of the second are occupied with an accurate account of these, over nine hundred in number, a large proportion being illustrated by sketches or photographic reproductions. Mr. Borlase then passes on to consider the remains of other districts, and devotes a series of chapters to Britain, France, Germany, Syria, India, and so forth. The existing distribution of these remains suggests that they had a much wider extension in the past. At present the most abundant specimens occur on rocky barren uplands or along the sterile edges of seas. In the more fertile and populous parts of the surface of the earth, as it exists now, remains are rare, only here and there a dolmen raising its rude structure in the corner of a vineyard or cornfield. It is unlikely that the prehistoric builders favoured only barren districts; far more probably the press of later life has destroyed remains once as thickly placed in the fertile valleys as on bleak moors.

The last volume of this splendid work collects the legends which have gathered round dolmens, and discusses the nature of the builders and the uses to which they were put. Speculation has to play a large part in these later inquiries. Abundant remains in the form of bones of men and animals and weapons of stone and bronze and rude pottery have been found. But it would be difficult to be certain that any of these were coeval with the stone structures. In the natural caves successive remains of widely different periods occur: in the limestone floor of Kent's Hole in Devonshire, for instance, Roman coins and pottery are found near the surface, while the deeper layers contain remains dating back at least to one of the interglacial periods. On a smaller scale a similar confusion of remains probably exists in the dolmens. Mr. Borlase inclines to the view that none of them are extremely ancient, a few thousand years before this era probably including them all. He has a theory that especially in Ireland a non-Aryan, probably Finnish, race still shows traces of its existence among the existing population: and he is inclined to see connexion between the cranial characters of the most typical dolmen skulls and this unusual element. But it would be impossible to discuss here in any adequate fashion the nature of the ethnological conclusions to which his laborious studies have led him. The three volumes form a great contribution to international science, and Mr. Borlase has sustained well the historic connexion between his family name and patient successful archaeological work.

In its very different fashion Mr. Windle's little "Life in Early Britain" is equally praiseworthy. Mr. Borlase has reared a mighty trilithon, destined to survive through many generations of scientific work: Mr. Windle has formed an acute and shapely little text-book obviously ephemeral and utilitarian. He sums up existing knowledge as to the successive waves of life in Britain from Palæolithic man down through the workers in metal to the Roman and Saxon invasions. We commend his book sincerely to every one who takes an interest in the past history of his land, and to those who,

without proposing to devote themselves specially to antiquities, wish to understand the nature of the abundant remains in many parts of England.

"THE MIRROR OF A SINFUL SOUL."

"The Mirror of a Sinful Soul: a Prose Translation from the French of a Poem by Queen Margaret of Navarre, made in 1544 by the Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth, then eleven years of age." Reproduced in facsimile, with Portrait, for the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom, and edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by P. W. Ames. London: Asher. 1897.

THE somewhat lengthy title of this book, just issued as an extra volume by the Society, gives, with one exception, an accurate account of its contents. It is not edited; it is very badly introduced, and there are no notes in the copy before us. And this is a pity; for, though Dr. Furnivall rightly thought it wrong to spend the money of the Early English Text Society on a child's translation of a modern religious poem, yet the Royal Society of Literature would have found the necessary work well within their scope. Margaret of Angoulême, Queen of Navarre, to give her her true name, wrote "*Le miroir de l'ame pecheresse*," of which two editions at least are known—of Alençon in 1531 and Paris 1533. Mr. Ames's absurd guess that she derived the title from Margaret of Richmond's work is quite without foundation and is improbable in face of the hundreds of "*Ipecula*" the Middle Age produced. The little Princess Elizabeth, ten years later in disgrace with her father, was reconciled by the kind offices of Katharine Parr. In gratitude she made a translation of the poem, wrote it out on vellum, embroidered a cover for it, and sent it to the Queen as a New Year's gift in 1545. Three years later it was reprinted by John Bale very much edited and "improved" (probably at Marburg, 1548). The MS. sent to the Queen has found its way to the Bodleian Library, and is now reproduced in excellent facsimile, with a reproduction of two other short pieces for comparison.

From the point of view of paleography the reproduction is not without interest as showing the result of the Roman type of the day on a hand too little exercised to have acquired a distinctive character due to the writer—the shapes of the letters are well worth the consideration of a type-designer of to-day—but an editor would have done useful service in contrasting the direct simplicity of the child Princess's rendering with the somewhat turgid eloquence imparted to it by Johan Bale. It is gratifying, too, to one's belief in human nature—when one considers what paragons of child-nature the Tudor children were—to find the little translator "skipping" a line or two here and there where she found herself in a difficulty, or where the sense seemed to repeat itself. This and more Mr. Ames might have done, and has left undone. He has given no clue to his readers where they may find the French original—nay, he has rather gone out of his way to mislead them by laying emphasis on a recent publication of Margaret's works which does not contain it; he has given no clue to the fact that Bale's print is altered in every line; and in the only reference he makes to it he shows clearly not only that he has never seen the book, but that he has not even troubled to look at the British Museum Catalogue copy of the title-page. Such carelessness is unpardonable in a librarian and in the Secretary to the Royal Society of Literature; it can only be accounted for by the benumbing effect of a Royal dedication—in our century the distinguishing mark of a worthless book.

As the self-respecting book collector who does not wish to explain to every friend who sees the book that he has not "borrowed" it from the library of the Royal Society of Literature will have to get it rebound, we advise him to replace the preface and introduction by a few blank pages on which he can enter any facts he wishes to preserve respecting the book, which is otherwise a valuable contribution to our literature. The volume contains an excellent portrait of the Princess, and a reproduction of the embroidered cover.

ANOTHER LEGAL RECHAUFFÉE.

"Encyclopædia of the Laws of England." Edited by A. Wood Renton, M.A., LL.B. Vol. I. "Abandonment" to "Bankruptcy." London: Sweet & Maxwell, Limited; Edinburgh: William Green & Sons.

IT might be a healthy occupation for idle hands to collate the whole series of "Abridgments," "Digests" and "Commentaries" in which the unfortunate "body of English law" has been successively served up in part or in whole by enterprising publishers. Such a collation would show the steady accretion of garnishing to the injury of the meat. It would also show how every new arrangement was suggested by that preceding. One editor calls his dish of law a "Commentary on the Laws of England," which suggests to another "Commentaries on English Law," when a third leaves out a portion of his predecessor's book and comes out with an "Abridgment of the Law of England," and then a fourth caps him by shuffling his chapters and headings and takes the field triumphantly with a new "Abridgment." Unfortunately such a collation will never be accomplished, as none but idle hands would attempt it, and none but industrious—indeed laborious—hands would carry it through. How long is this to go on? Are we never to have a law book that tells its own story? We have read, or at least we have honestly tried to read, so much about the body of English law—we have seen so many arrangements of its dislocated members—that we should very much like to read something of its soul. We know it has a soul, that it is alive, from watching the Courts, but we could never have discovered it from the text-books. Why have Sir Henry Maine and Sir James Stephen no successors, or at least so very few successors, and those few far behind them? We had strong hopes of Sir Frederick Pollock, who can write well and is not a mere stringer of precedents. His books on "Contract" and "Torts" can be read as a part of intellectual culture, and still more his joint work with Professor Maitland on the "History of English Law." But here we find him contributing a general introduction to an Encyclopædia of Law. In other words, he attempts in the compass of thirteen pages to systematize English Law, a task which he himself points out has never yet been successfully attempted by any one. True, Sir Frederick may say he desired to write in the spirit of the book he was introducing. He succeeded, but would it not have been wiser to leave bad spirits alone? We really do not see why the editor should not have written his own introduction. He is quite capable of doing so; but we suppose the book wanted a sponsor as well as a father. Such adventitious use of a distinguished name goes to confirm our impression of this work—that it is just an egregious piece of bookmaking. We cannot find even a valid excuse for it. What purpose is it to serve? The practitioner will find his authorities with more readiness and in greater abundance in White Books and other familiar compendaries. The intellectual lawyer will certainly not waste time on second-hand information when he is free to go to the original sources. The layman? Possibly some unfortunate laymen will be deluded into the belief that in this book they have discovered a royal road to legal knowledge. They are likely to linger on the way. There remains the student. We can well imagine students patronising this work, for it lends itself to cramming on the most comprehensive scale. All law in a nutshell and cut up into the most convenient lengths! Whether as a fact it will facilitate the passing of examinations until examiners have learnt to "dodge" the book we do not know and we do not care; but we do know that nothing could be more disastrous to a student than to get hold of this kind of book.

Such reading is simply fatal to any intellectual apprehension of law. If it is said that such books are meant simply as an aid, as supplementary to original and more important works, we reply that, whatever the intention of the promoters, they cannot prevent their "Gradus" being used as a substitute for instead of as a guide to the real authorities.

These facilities for acquiring superficial knowledge do not stimulate to deeper inquiry; they rather induce indolence. But there it is: work is scarce at the Bar; briefs cannot be manufactured; books can.

While we cannot approve, and indeed must wholly condemn this work in its conception, there is little to complain of in its execution. If such a work had to be perpetrated at all, we are very well content that it should fall into the good hands it has done. The publishers have been fortunate in finding an editor in Mr. Wood Renton, an accomplished scholar who takes infinite pains with his work. Mr. Renton seems to have made the very best of an impossible task. He has, as the title-page says, secured the most eminent legal authorities to write the articles, although he has not always allocated them to the subjects on which they are authorities. Sir Walter Phillimore, for instance, is a contributor, but the articles touching on Ecclesiastical Law are not by him. The choice of subjects is catholic in the extreme, and all has been done that could be done by means of cross-references and copious headings to mend the painful dislocation which must result from the mechanical treatment of intellectual questions.

An intellectual lawyer, such as Mr. Wood Renton, wrestling with the undertaking, the drudgery of sub-editing the whole mass of English law, suggests the struggle in Leighton's group? Which will crush the other?

The first volume of this Encyclopædia begins with "Abandonment" and ends with "Bankruptcy." Is this an omen of the publishers' ultimate choice?

THE ANGLO-GALLICAN MOVEMENT.

"Archbishop Wake and the Project of Union (1717-1720)." By J. H. Lupton. London: George Bell & Co. 1896.

THE story of this book is soon told. The national Church of France until quite lately, though it never formally broke the bonds of Papal claim, has always asserted the right of the nation to be recognized in Christian polity, and it has resisted the notion of a violent centralization, which under plea of unity would crush the manifold in a mere uniformity. This principle is Gallicanism, and indeed Anglicanism too, and when it is over-emphasized or neglected it means either the grave loss of intercommunion or of independence. It would be strange indeed if the two national Churches should never have mooted some nearer approach and alliance; and this was actually done in George I.'s time. The Jesuit policy had roused the French people against the demands of Clement XI., and the most learned jurist of his time, with the approval and consent of the chief theologians of France, approached the Archbishop of Canterbury to see what could be done in the matter of union. The project was warmly taken up by Archbishop Wake, and it was sufficiently set on foot to alarm the Jesuit advocates of autocracy, so that one of them could declare "L'Apostasie n'eut jamais rien de plus criminel." The English Prayer-book was approved of, except what is called the black rubric (which is no rubric at all, but a Declaration of Council hastily added in 1552). The succession of English Archbishops and Bishops was justified. A *jus liturgicum* in non-essentials was agreed to, and among these non-essentials were placed the use of images, prayers to Saints, Communion in one kind, Papal Supremacy and the Elevation of the Host. The Thirty-nine Articles were reviewed, and five only were found to contain any serious difficulty, and these difficulties were certainly rather verbal than substantial. On our side the negotiations were conducted with a robustness and valour which may be profitably compared with the feeble faith and more timid utterance of later times. Archbishop Wake made it very clear that if England treated at all she treated on equal terms, and he was, if anything, a little too determined to get the "Court to shake off the yoke of Rome" very thoroughly, as the more honest step. Mr. Lupton is content to chronicle the proximate causes of the failure of these negotiations, "the death of Du Pin, the vacillation of De Noailles, and the sudden energy of the self-seeking Dubois." But it seems hardly likely

that these were the only reasons for the death of a movement that seemed both natural and inevitable. It does not fully explain things, even if we add to Mr. Lupton's causes this over-boldness and John-Bullish over-independence of Wake, and the pride of the French clergy, who could not bear the shame "of owning that they have so long submitted to an imaginary power." Is not the fuller explanation to be found in the political aspect of Gallicanism itself? Its opposition to Papal despotism was by no means a settled principle against the theory of absolute monarchy. Quite the contrary. The Theological Faculty of Paris University set forth a principle in 1663 which was the ultimate ruin of Gallicanism. "It is the doctrine of the Faculty that the king owneth not and hath not any superior in temporal things save God alone. This is its ancient doctrine, from which it will never depart." This is all right and good, if it is understood of kings *versus* foreign bishops; but it meant not only this, but the right of kings to override peoples. It tied the Church to a non-representative theory of monarchy, which proved to be untenable; and degraded the Church herself by making courtiers of her bishops. If the Gallican Church could have stood by herself, she might have been a little chastised, but she would have been greatly rewarded, and never have suffered all that she afterwards went through and endured because she allowed herself to become an instrument of tyranny. Mr. Lupton ends his book with an additional chapter upon the later history of the French Church, and he sees how impossible it is now to lay hold of the bald head of time by the back after we failed to seize the forelock. The opportunity is gone, beyond all present hope.

NEW FICTION.

"Equality." By Edward Bellamy. London: Heinemann. 1897.

THE more insignificant creators of a Utopia often become unreadable or comic in their desire to be very circumstantial in the description of Utopian life, and one of the reasons why Mr. Bellamy is never dull, and seldom ridiculous, is to be found in the fact that "Equality" is a pamphlet directed against the existing scheme of society rather than an imaginative reconstruction of life under ideal circumstances. That a Utopian story is apt to leave the reader unmoved, except by an occasional laugh at the writer, does not, of course, show that a Socialist régime would make life a dull affair. This and certain other fatuously prophetic arguments are scouted by Mr. Bellamy in his last chapter. Still, the Utopian writers often have themselves to thank if this particular piece of fatuity appears a cogent argument. On two occasions Mr. Bellamy openly sinks the pamphleteer in rather an inexplicable, though refreshing, manner. In one of his early pages his heroine's eyes fill with quick tears as she realizes how exclusively she is everything to her lover. This little piece of humanity is a mere suggestion on Mr. Bellamy's part, and would, obviously, prove more effective if the circumstances were those of everyday life. It is, in effect, the surprised and melting cry of Helen to Paris:—

"Ergo ego sum virtus? ego sum tibi nobile regnum?" A little later the visitor from an older society, restless and weary with the obsession of many novelties, cries to his companion to show him "something that has not changed." She considers a moment, and then leads him—to the sea. Does it only show a gross want of sympathy with Mr. Bellamy's main attempt if we declare that this is the one memorable moment in his book? A good pamphlet is a good thing; but there are other good things that are even better. Elsewhere his heroine is harmless—which would be no small praise even if she lived in an ordinary world: it is more than we have any right to expect from a Utopian Edith. As a pamphleteer, Mr. Bellamy is singularly persuasive; he does not appear to shirk difficulties, and he is pleasantly bent on giving a deep, or at any rate an interesting, reason where others, tempted no doubt by superficial opponents, might put up with a cheap argument. The most logical philosopher is not asked to dispense entirely with parables, and Mr.

Bellamy's parable of the water tank is amusing enough. This tank is the property of a few capitalists, and the thirsty multitude is engaged in filling it with water. For every bucket they bring they receive one penny, and for every bucket they take out for themselves they pay twopence. Since, therefore, the addition of one bucket only permits the subtraction of half a bucket, the tank in time overflows and the capitalists refuse more water and the multitude sit by in idle and thirsty patience. It is in fact a "crisis," explained by the soothsayers as the effect of "over-production," "glut," "lack of confidence," and even sun-spots. The most entertaining portion of Mr. Bellamy's book is the sketch of the revolution which overthrew plutocracy. The first step was the nationalization or municipalization of such monopolies as telegraphs, railways, and water-works. The importance of this step lay in the fact that the Government employees, some 5,000,000 in all, formed a nucleus of consumers, and for them the Government set up stores where the employees bought goods at cost, not with money but with scrip. A dollar in scrip, therefore, accepted at the Government stores, bought more than the dollar in metal which was not accepted there, and this was the beginning of the end. Here and there Mr. Bellamy is inclined to become circumstantial rather than militant in describing his Utopia, as when he talks of the superior means of locomotion, the gymnasium or the natatorium; but these mistakes, as we have already stated, are comparatively rare.

"Dear Faustina." By Rhoda Broughton. London: Bentley. 1897.

"Dear Faustina!" and dear Rhoda Broughton, sprightly as ever with the old sprightliness that was the joy of circulating libraries before the British imagination had conceived of "decadence" or welcomed the swing of the pendulum back to "wholesomeness." Here are Miss Broughton's popular company and their properties—jocose passions, loathed parents, farcical tragedy, the present tense, all complete. And through the whole still runs that vein of unmistakable wit that always went so far towards redeeming the genial vulgarity of it all. Take William, the husband of Clare—what a clumsy caricature! yet he "does what a good man does instead of hating"—he "asks cheerfully after people's dead or disgraced relations"; he amuses one, not indeed against one's will, but against one's civilized taste. Then "the rushing fool who clears the way for cautious angels"; the society girl, six feet in height, who pants for "rescue work"—Faustina herself, with her "diet of a monkey in the tropics"—how they tickle one's sense of broad fun, one moment; and how the irritation of the present tense and the platitudes spoil it all, the next! There should be compulsory collaboration imposed upon some writers. Sternly edited by—let us say, Mr. George Gissing—what a pearl we should have in Rhoda Broughton! And how far less lovable she would be.

"The Way of Marriage." By Violet Hunt. London: Chapman & Hall. 1896.

Most of the stories in this collection are disappointments to us, coming from Miss Violet Hunt. Her talent is for clever little portraits, with sharp outlines, of normal feminine types: her dialogue is happy, and she takes the reader into her humour without effort. Here, however, there appears to be a consciousness of monotony, unrelieved marriage being the one topic; so that Miss Hunt has recourse to "Nina Pereira" and other melodramatic persons with laudanum-bottles and hysterical "properties" in general. We miss the wit and the crisp writing of "The Maiden's Progress." There is nothing in the way of characterization that can approach "A Hard Woman." Altogether, though as average magazine stories these are all very well, they make a rather poor book. They are all mildly entertaining, especially "The Marriage of Dorothea," where Miss Hunt's favourite, the society *ingénue*, has a good situation to herself.

"The Ways of Life" (Smith, Elder), by Mrs. Oliphant, is little more than a couple of short stories which have too strong a likeness to one another to be

altogether effective in the same volume. That this is intentional is made clear in the pathetic preface, with its dignified personal note. We refuse to recognize in Mrs. Oliphant's work the failing hand and eye. She need not fear the fate of her poor painter, with his useless wares, while this generation has ears to hear. "Mrs. Crichton's Creditor" (F. V. White), by Mrs. Alexander, gives us nearly three hundred pages of decorous dalliance between an unhappily married woman and a sympathetic Scotchman. The author is rent in twain by her dislike of a barren ending and her disapproval of a naughty one. The couple, in consequence, are left to mumble one another's Christian names in all honour until a wheel goes conscientiously "right over the middle" of the husband; on which the wife's eyes, very naturally, "grow franker and softer" and the Scotchman "draws her hands round his neck." Why not? "Across the Zodiac" (Digby, Long), by Edwin Pallander, is a really entertaining farrago of the impossible made credible and scientifically justified with an admirable gravity. We were absurdly interested in the trips to the planets and the explanation of the human footprints found upon the moon. Jules Verne has done but little better in the same field of fancies.

"The Gleaming Dawn" (Chapman & Hall), by James Baker, is a conscientious but extremely dull book, purporting to be a romance of the Middle Ages. "The Dowager's Determination" (Digby, Long), by Florence Severne, has a good story to tell. "And They Two" (Redway), by Violet Tweeddale, has caused us much unkind amusement. The heroine is of a purity that faints at marriage, and kills herself on her wedding-day in a fury of spotlessness. Her conversational turn, however, would have caused her expulsion from a whaler for indelicate language. "The Sport of the Gods" (Innes), by Esther Miller, is a murder-story, well worked out and not uninteresting. The idea of marrying the one dangerous witness is a good one. "A New Faust" (Digby, Long), by Alfred Smythe, would not be a bad tale of its kind if the author knew even faintly how to handle it. We fail to see the drift of the pretentious preface and the quoted letters from "One Who Believes," &c.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE "Nineteenth Century" for this month is perhaps just a shade less interesting than usual. If there are any fresh arguments to be brought against the advisability of Women's Suffrage, the Hon. Mrs. Chapman has not discovered them. Nor has she restated the familiar arguments with any striking cogency. An essay "On Conversation" should be something more *recherché* and elegant than the pleasant gossip which Mr. James Payn offers us, and Sir Wemyss Reid might perhaps have built up a stronger article from his "Reminiscences of English Journalism," reminiscences which cover nearly half a century. Father Ryder's scorn for Anglican orders seems on occasions to pass the borders of politeness, an error not fully justified by wit and brilliance on his part. Mr. Havelock Ellis draws up a careful list of great men, and gives it as his opinion that genius avoids middle height and inclines to favour tallness, an unexpected conclusion which will set his readers arguing about the comparative greatness of the men in his lists. The most satisfactory contribution to the review is Mr. Joseph Edgar Chamberlin's "The Growth of Caste in the United States." Caste questions, as Mr. Chamberlin justly remarks, are left to the playwright and the novelist, and are seldom studied scientifically, and yet "the majority of people, including women in the count, are, save in some exceptional moment of war or great public excitement, thinking much more about some fact, accessory, or appearance connected with their own or their children's social position than they are about anything connected with government or politics." The question could be best studied among Americans, if only because this perfectly voluntary bondage to social ambition is "quite out of harmony with their political pretensions." It is to be hoped that Mr. Chamberlin's sympathetic sketch is only a preliminary excursion into a most engrossing subject. Sir John Willoughby publishes the succinct narrative of the Raid which he wrote in Pretoria Prison, attributing his failure, poor man, to delays directly or indirectly connected with the non-arrival of promised help from Johannesburg. Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden discusses the question of the staff and Tonic Sol-fa in school teaching, Lady Priestley tells of the generous treatment scientific research meets with in France, and Professor Courthope makes some generalizations on the dangerous and attractive subject of poetical decadence.

The "Fortnightly" is an excellent number—it might almost be called brilliant. Sir H. Havelock-Allan proposes a large increase of the army from three sources. The Militia Reserve should be doubled to 60,000, a Volunteer Reserve should be formed with the usual £6 retaining fee paid to regular Reserves, and a Supplementary Reserve should be made from the time-expired men of the line. And this proposed addition of 65,000 men would only cost a million a year. The Review opens with Mr. Leslie Stephen's delightfully lucid and sympathetic exposition of the problems which occupied Pascal. Mr. Augustin Filon continues his most interesting series of articles on the modern French drama with a discussion of Pailleron and Becque; the writer is leisurely without being lengthy, at once broad-minded and critical, light-handed and weighty. Mrs. Warre Cornish's attractive sketch and attractive translations are worthy of her subject—Madame Desbordes Valmore. Miss Constance Sutcliffe describes the Princes of Orleans with a warm admiration for their gallant qualities. Mr. E. H. Parker has much curious information about the Kakhyen tribes on the Burmo-Chinese frontier. Captain James W. Gambier is a very dashing person, and his ever-entertaining and often persuasive qualities do not desert him when he puts the part which England has played in the Concert in an absurd light, and finally dismisses the necessity for England's presence in the European Concert with a jeer at everybody. Professor T. E. Holland, in his full disquisition on that most interesting portion of international law which concerns pacific blockades, makes a distinction between the purposes for which the blockade is instituted: "Reprisals," "Intervention," and "Suppression." This distinction is chiefly useful in the elucidation of the question whether a pacific blockade should interfere with the trade of a third Power. "When one State is putting pressure upon another to obtain redress for its private grievance (reprisal), it may seem unreasonable that the aggrieved State should call upon the rest of the world so far to co-operate with her as to tolerate a general derangement of their trade. Third Powers may more fairly be called upon to make this sacrifice when the blockade has a high political object," such as the suppression of the rebellion in Crete. Mr. Bennet Burleigh, in his exciting description of the Greek war, illustrates certain peculiar views which he himself would have scoffed at not long ago—namely, that "the Greeks could have won and taken Macedonia and Epirus had things been better managed," that "the Turk is but an indifferently good soldier, at any rate in attack," and that under foreign financial control Greece could pay off her debts and an indemnity without any difficulty.

The ever-readable Mr. E. J. Dillon opens a very fair number of the "Contemporary" with a desperate picture of the state of Greece, corrupted through and through by the evil effects of an extravagantly exaggerated party government. Army and navy, justice, civil service, all depend upon party successes, elections, and favouritism. He describes this state of affairs with the "touch of wholesome cynicism" which should, he declares, mark the statesman who has to deal with foreign affairs. But he has an enthusiasm up his sleeve, and cynicism is thrown to the winds when he sketches the character of the man on whom the hopes of Greece depend—M. Ralli. Enthusiasm is a fine thing, and Mr. Dillon has drawn an almost ideal figure of a democratic statesman. Mrs. Crawford contributes some chatty notes upon the Queen and her advisers. "Austriacus" might, perhaps, have been fuller and more explicit in his "Deadlock in Austria-Hungary"; he does little more than state that the Emperor is the one person who can hold together the irreconcilable Slav and German elements, and that so far the Germans have not been singularly successful when their party predominated. Mr. Vernon Bartlett, following largely Dr. Hort's lectures on the early Ecclesia, finds the ancient Church order more closely corresponding to Congregationalism than Episcopacy in modern times. The writer puts the "Subtle interpenetration of Spirit," which is going forward between the various sects, above the ideal of "mere absorption of other bodies by any one polity"; and warningly adds that "the High Anglicans court those who repudiate their Catholicism, and on the ground of this very repudiated Catholicism repulse those at their very doors who approach them with respect." Mr. Spielmann proposes an extension of the National Gallery to the west in order to make room for the Wallace collection. Hertford House, he says, is not fitted to display the collection to the best advantage, and at present the National Gallery is endangered by the overtopping barracks to the north and the warehouses to the west. Mr. Richard Heath continues the Anabaptist exposition of Bunyan's work.

The "National Review" is advancing along a path which is still novel in monthly journalism. A monthly review that has, above all things, a distinct view and a set policy, may easily find that the article is not always the best way of carrying on a propaganda. It may, for instance, be difficult to find a writer who has enough to say about any particular point to justify ten pages of print, but the point may be in itself of great importance. The bright chronicle of events which opens the "National Review" has for long been an important feature, and now the editor is adding a Colonial Chronicle and an

American Chronicle. On the whole, this seems to be a laudable innovation, in that it counteracts the scrappiness necessarily born of the telegraph. The readers of a daily paper might study day by day the brief telegraphic notices of important events abroad without gaining much notion of the real state of affairs. The Colonial Chronicle this month treats the Free-trade Premiers of Canada and New South Wales with marked fairness, and probably these short notes on tariffs and commercial treaties contain just as much matter as a spread-out article, and certainly they are apt to be more readable. The one monometallist in the tripartite discussion on the Wolcott Commission makes a bold admission. The Editor of the "Statist" writes, "I am not a bimetalist, and I do not believe that a combination between two or more countries will be able to maintain a bimetallic system. But if the United States and France think differently," England should do everything in her power to help them. "If an arrangement could be made between France and the United States on the condition that the Indian mints should be reopened," everybody concerned would benefit by the reopening of the mints. Moreover Mr. Lloyd has no particular affection for the half-sovereign, and is not, personally, much scared by the notion of keeping part of the Bank reserve in silver. Mr. John Foreman paints a black picture of the state of Spain, and Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden deplores the multiplication of musicians. Sir G. S. Clarke is, on the whole, fairly hopeful on the subject of food supply in time of war, and ends by echoing Sir G. Tryon's proposal for the State insurance of war risks.

Mr. Henley is to be congratulated on his boldness in starting a gallery of portraits in the "New Review." Pictures play far too small a part in journalism of all kinds—pictures, that is to say, which can stand on their own merits. Mr. Charles Whibley is thoroughly at home with the amazing translator of Rabelais, Sir Thomas Urquhart, and Mr. James Fitzmaurice Kelly has something to say of a poet unknown to the general public, except for the four verses beginning "Upon my lap my Sovereign lies," labelled "Anon," in the "Golden Treasury." The author was Richard Verstegan, who entered Christ Church in 1565, and spent much of his time in Antwerp, engaged in Catholic plots against Elizabeth. Mr. David Hannay protests strongly against the raising of the age of entrance into the Navy; the change will only tend to make the Navy a more expensive profession—that, he declares, is the ultimate meaning of the vague talk about the tone of the right kind of public school. Mr. Lionel Hart traces the fortunes of the Muscovy or Russia Company, formed by Sebastian Cabot in 1553 to explore and trade in the North-East seas—an interesting record of the first chartered company. Oddly enough, the leader of the first expedition was Sir Hugh Willoughby, an ancestor of the Sir John who has been so prominent in the doings of the latest Chartered Company. Miss Edith Sellers proposes a special sort of retreat for respectable aged paupers, modelling her scheme somewhat on the Austrian systems which she approved so warmly some months ago.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Quotations for Occasions." Compiled by Katherine E. B. Wood. London: Fisher Unwin.

THE compiler has been at great pains in the making of this book, and has shown not a little ingenuity. No one need be at all hard set for an appropriate quotation with this guide to hand. Here will be found a choice assortment for the use of menu-makers and those who draw up ball programmes and the like. There are quotations for every item of a dinner course, especially, it would seem, for American dinners. Under "Terrapin" we find "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?" which the lover of Marlowe will consider profaned in the application. Under "Turtle" he is comforted with "A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." Coming to "Coffee" we find the horrid reminder, from "Cymbeline," "I have not slept one wink." Every kind of festive or social function comes within the compiler's illustration, from the "Fourth of July" to "Bicycle Meets," Tennis, Base Ball, Golf and Fencing.

"England in the Days of Old." By William Andrews. London: Andrews.

This book is a sequel to the author's "Bygone England," and similar in scope to his "Bygone" series, dealing with English county lore, customs and local history. Some of the more entertaining of the essays treat of costume in the past, such as the wearing of wigs, the use of powder for the hair and the carrying of muffs by men. Other papers deal with sports and pastimes, and the book generally contains many curious facts relating to ancient and forgotten customs. There are some good illustrations.

"The Connoisseur." By Frederick S. Robinson. London: Redway.

The essays in this handsome volume treat chiefly of the picturesque or romantic associations of art and artists. Mr. Robinson deals also with the subject from the collector's stand-

point, as in the capital sketch "The Ideal Collector," and in the paper on Beckford. "Famous Collections" would require not one essay, but a stout volume, to do justice to the theme. Colbert, for example, would need a separate chapter, and Colbert is overlooked by Mr. Robinson. In Vasari, Cellini, Horace Walpole, lie the making of many books, and Mr. Robinson draws not a little from these unfailing springs of entertainment. Truly, as he remarks, these writers are "mines of gold" to those who would write on art. In his last essay, that on "Art and Religion," Mr. Robinson is a trifle too optimistic. Referring to St. Paul's, he observes: "Not till our own time has the ban of intolerance been removed and our great cathedral decorated." Surely he does not regard St. Paul's as "decorated"?

LITERARY NOTES.

THE anticipated revival in the book world when the Jubilee scare had spent itself has not been fulfilled. Such a spell of caution has been cast over publishers that the occasional volume, issued in fear and trembling, will doubtless receive a meed of attention that could not be hoped for in happier times. These banyan days will continue till the autumn, when the millennium is expected.

The extensive library of Mr. Dunn Gardner, of Fordham Abbey, is to be disposed of at Sotheby's to-day and on Monday and Tuesday. Besides the many rare editions of standard authors, the lots comprise *Editiones Principes* of Homer, Aristotle, Terentius Varro, and Eusebius; a Hebrew Bible on vellum of the fifteenth century, and a MS. of Ludolphus of Saxony's "Life of Christ."

The concluding days of the Ashburnham sale fully sustained the sensational interest of the first half, and the auction, in its collective result, will remain the standard by which future comparisons will be made. The 1,683 lots realized a grand total of £30,151 10s. 0d., or an average, including every item in the sale, of about £8 per lot. But if one excepts the many lots which fell for less than a sovereign, the average is close on £10. The previous best record was the Syston Park sale in 1884, with its total of £28,000 for 2,110 lots, and next came the Seillière library in 1887, which realized £14,944 for 1,140 lots; but in each of the latter cases, selections of only the more valuable portions of the libraries were made. The Ashburnham collection cost the late Earl some £12,000, and was garnered at a comparatively recent date, so that the investment shows a profit of a hundred and fifty per cent. The noteworthy features of Thursday's sale included some excessively rare first editions, among which was "The Boke of the Tales of Canterbury" from the Caxton Press of about 1478, only two perfect copies being extant, price £720. But this sum was eclipsed by the copy of Wynkyn de Worde's first edition of the same work, printed at Westminster in 1498, which fell for £1,000. The volume comprising the "Chronicles of England," 1482, and "The Description of Britayne," 1480, both from Caxton's Press, in spite of their imperfections, realized £610. Friday was remarkable for the fierce competition over the remaining Caxtons, and a record price of £1,320, paid by Mr. Quaritch for a complete copy of the extremely scarce "Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," bearing Caxton's imprint and the date, 1477, of which only four similar copies are known. Mr. Quaritch also secured the equally rare "Doctrinal of Sapyence," Caxton Press, 1489, for £660. On Saturday, the "Triumpho di Fortuno" of Sigismondo Fanti Ferrarese, printed by Giunta at Venice in 1527, with its remarkable woodcuts, reached the sum of £30, and the three volumes of Jean Froissart's "Chroniques de France, Dangleterre, Descocq," &c., undated and on vellum, with 165 painted and illuminated miniatures, £190.

The issue of Mr. J. H. Crawford's "Wild Flowers of Scotland" has been fixed by Mr. McQueen for Monday next.

Messrs. Blackie & Son are publishing two volumes by Hamish Hendry. One is called "Just Forty Winks; or, the Droll Adventures of Davie Trot," and has seventy humorous illustrations by Gertrude M. Bradley. The other is "a book of verse for children

of all ages," and bears the title "Red Apple and Silver Bells." Mr. Hendry has shown before this that he is able to write for children, both young and grown-up, and to interest them, and we have no doubt that these will satisfy them.

With the new volume of "Natural Science," which begins with the July number, the publication of the magazine has passed into the hands of Messrs. J. M. Dent.

Messrs. Blackie & Son have arranged to publish a series of volumes to be issued under the general title of "The Victorian Era Series." The idea of the series is to record the movements of the century; and it will consequently deal with economic, social, religious, scientific, and literary subjects. The general editor of the series will be Mr. J. H. Rose, M.A., who will contribute to the series a volume on "The Rise of the Democracy"; Canon J. H. Overton, "The Anglican Revival"; Dean Stubbs, a biography of Charles Kingsley; Mr. George Gissing, a biography of Dickens; Mr. H. Holman, "National Education"; Mr. G. Armitage-Smith, "Free-trade and its Results"; Mr. Laurence Gomme, "Modern London," &c.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

- Animals, All About. Part I. Newnes. 6d.
American Journal of Mathematics (July).
Architectural Review, The (July).
Cassell's Magazine (July).
Castilian Days (J. Hay). Lane. 4s. 6d.
Cavalry Tactics (A Cavalry Officer). Stanford. 4s.
Coal Resources, Our (E. Hull). Spon.
Confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau, The. Gubbings. 10s.
Century Review, The New (July).
Creation, with Development or Evolution (J. D. R. Hewitt). Kegan Paul. 6s.
Crooked Paths (F. Allingham). Longmans. 6s.
Croquet: its History, Rules and Secrets (A. Lillie). Longmans. 6s.
Cub in Love, The (W. Bell). G. Richards. 1s. 6d.
Ecrivains Etrangers. Perrin.
Electricity and Magnetism (F. W. Sanderson). Macmillan.
Englishwoman, The (July).
English Antiquities, a Key to (E. S. Armitage). W. Townsend.
Essex Archaeological Society, Transactions of the. 7s.
Ethics, International Journal of (July).
Europe in the Sixteenth Century (A. H. Johnson). Rivington, Percival. 7s. 6d.
Diamond Jubilee, The (Ode) (Sir Lewis Morris). Kegan Paul. 6d.
Foreigner in the Farmyard, The (E. E. Williams). Heinemann.
French Revolution, a History, The (T. Carlyle). Dent. 1s. 6d.
Gold and Silver (J. H. Hallard). Rivington, Percival. 2s. 6d.
Guesses at Truth (G. Girdlestone). Routledge.
Hallucinations and Illusions (E. Parish). Scott. 6s.
Is the Crown Dishonoured by the War Office? (General Dyehard).
Johnson, Samuel, Life of, The (J. Boswell). Dent. 1s. 6d.
King of the Mountains, The (E. About). Heinemann. 3s. 6d.
Knowledge (July).
Lady's Realm, The (July).
Law Quarterly Review, The (July).
Les Deux Sœurs (G. Rolland). Rivington, Percival. 6d.
Letters from the Black Sea (Admiral Heath). Bentley.
Man's Undoing, A (Lovett Cameron). White. 6s.
Miracle Play in England, The (S. W. Clarke). Andrews. 3s. 6d.
Mountain Molock, A (Driffeld Osborne). Lippincott.
Music of the Poets, The (E. D. Keeling). Scott. 6s.
National Defences (Major-General Murray). Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
Navy List, Royal, Leant's. (July). Witherly. 7s. 6d.
New Gulliver, The (C. T. Drury). Roxburghe Press. 3s. 6d.
Olla Podrida (Captain Marryat). Routledge.
Oxford Debate on the Textual Criticism of the New Testament, The. Bell.
Poems (J. Hay). Lane. 4s. 6d.
Quartier Latin, The (June). Iliffe. 6d.
Quest of the Gilt-Edged Girl, The (R. de Lyrienne). Lane. 1s.
Railway Magazine, The (July).
Relic Fair (Paul Parfait). Treacher. 3s. 6d.
Rudeness of the Hon. Mr. Leatherhead, The (G. Seymour). G. Richards. 2s.
Seaside Watering Places. Upcott Gill.
Scott, Sir Walter (G. Saintsbury). Oliphant. 1s. 6d.
Secret Cabinet of History, The. Carrington.
Social England (Various Writers). Cassell.
Speech of John Hay at the Unveiling of the Bust of Sir Walter Scott. Lane. 1s.
Spelling Manual (W. W. Cheriton). Rivington, Percival. 1s.
Stepmother, The (G. Xenopoulos). Lane. 2s. 6d.
Story of Mollie, The (Marian Bower). Andrews. 3s. 6d.
Strand Magazine, The (July). Newnes. 6d.
Switzerland and the Adjacent Portions of Italy, Savoy and Tyrol (Karl Baedeker). Dulau.
Takisara (F. M. Crawford). Macmillan. 6s.
Thames, Up and Down the. Virtue.
Thames Illustrated, The (No. 1) (J. Seyland). Newnes. 7d.
To Venus in Five Seconds (F. T. Jane). Innes. 1s. 6d.
To-morrow (July).
Turkish Army in Thessaly, With the (C. Bingham). Macmillan. 6s. 6d.
Vashti: A Tragedy (Zeto). Kegan Paul. 5s.
Victoria Painting Book. Cassell. 1s.
Victorian Era in South Africa, The (H. A. Bryden). The "African Critic."
Wales, The Spas of (T. R. Roberts). Hogg. 1s.
What Gunpowder Plot Was (S. R. Gardiner). Longmans. 5s.
Words of Counsel (F. B. Pearson). Stock.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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THE LANGLAAGTE ESTATE AND GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.

NINTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS FOR THE YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1896.

The Directors beg to submit to Shareholders the Balance Sheet, Expenditure and Revenue Statement, and Profit and Loss Account to December 31, 1896, duly audited and certified to, also the Manager's Report, giving details of the Company's operations for the year.

FINANCIAL POSITION.

The Profit and Loss Account shows:—

Balance at 31st December, 1895, allowing for shortfall on estimate of Gold in transit at that date, and expenses on Shares sold and taken credit for during 1895...	£371,200 17 4
Profit for 1896	199,412 2 8
	£570,613 0 0

Appropriated as follows:—

Mine Development Redemp- tion	£17,187 9 11
Depreciation, &c.	20,588 3 7
	£37,775 13 6
Dividend at the rate of 30 per cent. for the year	141,000 0 0
	178,775 13 6

Leaving a balance to be carried forward of ... £391,837 6 6

46 per cent. has been written off for Mine Development Redemp-
tion, leaving the amount standing in the Company's books, as the
value of ore in sight, at the low value of 10½d. per ton.

11 per cent. has been allowed for Depreciation on Buildings,
Machinery and Plant, Permanent Works, &c., which, taking into
consideration the additions to the Company's Plant in new Machinery
and increase of Mill to 200 Stamps during the year, places its assets at
a very low valuation in the Balance Sheet.

WORKING COSTS.

On Mine Milling and General Supervision are increased by about
1½ per cent.; but against this there is a decrease in the cost of the
treatment of Tailings and Concentrates, leaving a net decrease on the
total cost as compared with the previous year of 1s. 4½d. per ton
crushed, due to economical working.

A very large expenditure was incurred during the year in obtaining
native labour, the cost amounting to a little over sixpence (6d.) per
ton crushed.

WATER.

On account of the unprecedented drought experienced during the
year, the water supply was the cause of considerable anxiety, but with

the aid of the Company's reserve dams full work was able to be main-
tained till the rains set in.

Advantage was taken during the dry season of increasing the storage
capacity of the Company's reserve dams to assure a very much larger
reserve supply and sufficient to withstand a very prolonged drought.

ORE IN SIGHT.

Stands at 450,231 tons, as against 465,608, a decrease of 15,377
tons on 31st December, 1895. This is attributable to the cessation of
development work during a portion of the year, on account of diffi-
culties of native labour and coal supply. Development work has,
however, been again fully resumed.

MACHINERY AND PLANT.

During the year valuable and extensive additions have been made to
the Company's Plant, which is now in excellent order and a high state
of efficiency.

ESTATE.

You will note from the Statements that an amount of £62,666 13s. 4d.
has been derived from the Company's holding in the Langlaagte
Exploration Company, being a dividend and bonus paid by the latter
Company.

GENERAL.

In order of rotation Mr. R. LILIENTFELD retires from the Board, but
is eligible, and offers himself for re-election. Two Auditors will have
to be elected for the ensuing year, and the remuneration fixed for the
past audit.

J. B. ROBINSON, Chairman.

THE LANGLAAGTE ESTATE AND GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT AT DECEMBER 31, 1896.

DR.	
To Live Stock Account—	
For mules died and lost during year	£65 0 0
Mine development	17,187 9 11
Depreciation—	
Buildings and improvements...	£1,745 6 9
Machinery and plant	8,267 6 7
Mill, 200 stamps	6,155 14 6
Cyanide works	3,800 0 0
Permanent works	463 0 4
Furniture and safes	49 15 8
Live stock and vehicles	41 17 0
	20,523 3 7
Dividend Account—	
No. 19—15 per cent. declared 30/6/96	£70,500 0 0
No. 20—15 per cent. declared 30/12/96	70,500 0 0
	141,000 0 0
Balance carried forward—	
As per Liabilities and Assets Statement	391,837 6 6
	£570,613 0 0
CR.	
By balance at December 31, 1895	£372,292 1 3
Under-estimate of gold in transit at December 31, 1895	208 16 1
	£372,500 17 4
Less commission charged on shares sold in 1895	1,300 0 0
	£371,200 17 4
Langlaagte Exploration and Building Company—	
Dividend on 235,000 Shares in above Company of 10 per cent. and Bonus of 3s. 4d. per Share	62,666 13 4
Profit for twelve months to December 31, 1896—	
As per Expenditure and Revenue Account	136,745 9 4
	£570,613 0 0

J. B. ROBINSON, Chairman.

F. S. TUDHOPE, Secretary.

Examined and compared with books and vouchers, and found correct,

S. FLEISCHER, } Auditors.
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MANAGER'S REPORT for the Month of May, 1897.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
Mining	4,666	18	9
Sorting and Crushing.. .. .	434	1	11
Milling Account	1,014	5	7
Maintenance Account.. .. .	449	15	10
General Charges	879	19	9
Cyanide	1,014	18	4

Written off for Redemption of Main Shaft and Development 5,813 tons at 9s. 6d.	8,460	3	2
	2,761	3	6

Profit for May	11,221	6	8
	18,870	14	2
	£30,092	0	10

REVENUE.

	£	s.	d.
MILL: Gold won	19,197	3	0
Less Insurance	24	12	6

(£3 5s. 11'56d. per ton) 19,172 10 6

CYANIDE: Gold won	9,966	1	6
Plus amount received in excess of Book entries for April	953	8	10

Total (£3 3s. 6'40d. per ton) £30,092 0 10

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT above shows:—

Income	£30,092	0	10	equal to £5 3 6'40 per ton milled.
Working Expenditure	8,460	3	2	" 1 9 1'29 "
Gross Profit	£21,631	17	8	" £3 14 5'11 "
Less Written off for Redemption	2,761	3	6	" 0 9 6 "
Balance—Nett Profit	£18,870	14	2	" £3 4 11 per ton

FRANCIS SPENCER, Manager.

THE GINSBERG GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

It having been notified that the following scrip in the above Company has been lost or mislaid, viz.: Cert. No. 5,463 for 100 shares. Nos. 86,810, 86,909 in the name of Henry Greyham.

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T. HONEY, London Secretary.

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The Annual General Meeting of the Companhia de Moçambique was held in Lisbon on the 30th June last, when the holders of 152,863 shares were present or represented. The proceedings throughout were characterised by the utmost unanimity.

The Report and Accounts to December 31st, 1896, as presented to the Shareholders, were read and unanimously adopted, and the proposal to carry forward the available profit of £30,373 os. 11d., after placing 5 per cent. to reserve fund, was approved.

The retiring Directors, Count de Mendia, Count de Penha Longa, Messrs. Theodore Berger and Jules Robert, were re-elected, and a cordial vote of thanks to the Portuguese and Foreign Directors for the able way in which they had administered to the Company's business, and aided the development of the territory during the period under review, terminated the proceedings.

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